

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Nicholas Murray

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S TAYLOR

The spirit of man in a million pieces.



... "to Grandmother's house we go"

For weeks they'd been looking forward to the Christmas visit to Grandmother's farm. The presents were wrapped and the children put to bed right after supper, to be ready for an early morning start.

Then came the snow that threatened to upset all their plans. When Dad looked out the window at dawn, he saw streets and sidewalks white with drifts.

"I don't know," he said gloomily.

"It's probably worse in the country. Better give up, hadn't we?"

"But Jimmy's heart is set on going," his wife reminded him. "And Grandmother will be so disappointed not to see the baby!"

Outside the city, to Dad's surprise, the highways were open. Even the winding county road that made up the last ten miles of the journey had been miraculously cleared of snow. Finally, as they

neared Grandmother's house, they saw the machine that had made their trip possible—the county's "Caterpillar" Motor Grader, bucking through the drifts at the end of a long night's work.

They got out of the car and Jimmy raced for the steps. "Merry Christmas, Grandma!" he cried. "Guess what I'm going to do when I grow up. I'm going to drive one of those big yellow snowplows!"

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Here's how our *Golden Empire* grows!



39%
POPULATION INCREASE
SINCE 1940 IN
SOUTHERN PACIFIC'S
Golden Empire

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The most amazing thing about it, perhaps, is the population growth in the 8-state territory we serve.

U. S. Bureau of Census figures shows that our *Golden Empire* population has boomed 39.3% from 1940 to 1951, compared to a 12.8% increase for the rest of the United States in the same 11-year period.

The graphic story of population increase, state by state, is told in the chart below. To that story we add only this: whereas the *Golden Empire* had 14.0 % of the nation's population in 1940, it had 16.8% in

1951, or 25,719,000 of the nation's 153,383,000 persons. Every portent says the growth will continue.

How does all this affect Southern Pacific, greatest road of the great West?

Well, first, from 1940 to 1951 our net ton-miles of freight traffic increased 128% and our total passenger-miles 55.8%. We're keeping up with the growth of our territory.

And second, we believe that our investment in the *Golden Empire* is a solid one. That's why we are plowing back \$62,000,000 annually into improvements, to provide ever swifter and better freight and passenger service for this *Golden Empire* we serve.

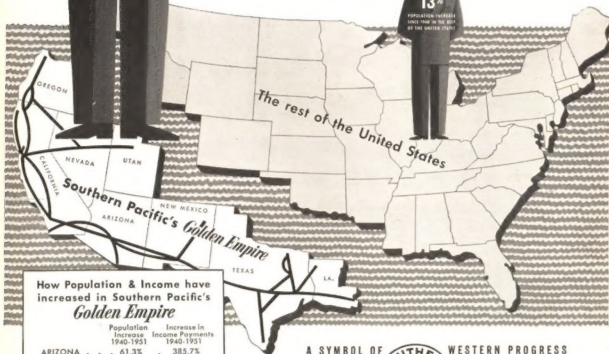
We believe you'll find our territory a good place to sell your goods, set up a plant, do business.

◀ **GROWING 3 TIMES AS FAST
AS THE REST OF THE UNITED STATES** ▶

* For the past 26 years, more than one new industry per day has located along Southern Pacific Lines.



13%
POPULATION INCREASE
SINCE 1940 IN THE REST
OF THE UNITED STATES



How Population & Income have increased in Southern Pacific's *Golden Empire*

	Population Increase 1940-1951	Income Payments 1940-1951
ARIZONA . . .	61.3%	385.7%
CALIFORNIA . . .	59.6%	280.1%
LOUISIANA . . .	16.6%	269.3%
NEVADA . . .	55.5%	277.2%
NEW MEXICO . . .	32.3%	382.1%
OREGON . . .	42.9%	306.3%
TEXAS . . .	24.6%	325.5%
UTAH . . .	28.9%	280.4%
REST OF THE U. S.	12.8%	208.0%

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUSSELL, President



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City and State _____

LETTERS

Man of the Year?

Sir:
... I presume that your choice will be Dwight D. Eisenhower... Nevertheless... I nominate Governor Adlai Stevenson...
JOHN F. O'SCANLAN

Paris, France

Sir:
TIME, Dec. 8 carried the answer. Certainly the man... who is doing the most to get us away from the earth—Werner von Braun.

—RICHARD SCOTT

New York City

Sir:
In view of recent developments, let us again consider General Douglas MacArthur...
ROGER BERTRAND

West Warwick, R.I.

Sir:
... May I suggest General Sir Gerald Templer who, in such a short time, has achieved so much in working to clear Communism in the Malayan Peninsula? Without his ability the Communists will certainly... overrun all of Southeast Asia...
T. L. THEE

Djakarta, Indonesia

Sir:
... The American draftee in Korea. Like the American taxpayer—he serves.
J. O. JAMETON

Pharr, Texas

Sir:
... For chief of the vanishing Americans, F.D.R.
AUGUST R. KREHBIEL

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:
Bess Truman! She was not always posing for her picture... She had no sons who made the headlines with their shameful escapades. She never wrote a book or a column. Neither did she travel all over the world... And I'll bet she doesn't know what a demagogue is...
All she seems to want is to get back to the bridge club in Independence...
M. GRIFFITHS

Binghamton, N.Y.

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Sir:
... Who else but Vice President-elect Richard Nixon?
(CPL.) **DON MCQUILLAN**

% Postmaster
San Francisco

Sir:
Mao Tse-tung...
SAMUEL ROSEN

Denver

Out of This World

Sir:
The human race will never have a more satisfactory trip to the moon, Venus and Mars than the one you gave us on Dec. 8, with your excellent exposition of the space travel arguments and your gentle and convincing confutation of the same.

Getting to the moon should not be difficult, as we know that once, when we were all young, a cow did it. Of course... the cow made it without stopping, so a man ought to be able to make it easily in two jumps...
THOMAS NUNAN

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir:
I don't wish to be an alarmist, but these space travelers are going to bring an end to the world for the simple reason that they are overlooking a principle of physics familiar to any high-school boy, i.e., "action equals reaction"... The same principle would be involved in a space ship leaving earth. Small as it would be in relation to the earth's mass, the rocket blasts would be sufficient to knock the earth slightly out of kilter in the delicate balance between centrifugal force and gravitation which now keeps our planet from either whirling loose from the solar system or falling into the sun...
JOHN J. McDONOUGH

Los Angeles

Sir:
May I suggest a simple laboratory experiment for the "Noah's Ark method" of colonizing distant stars? Why not lock up an interested group on some inaccessible spot on earth? The pseudo space ship might be pelted with manufactured cosmic rays and other realistic hazards from time to time. Then a reliable committee and its descendants could

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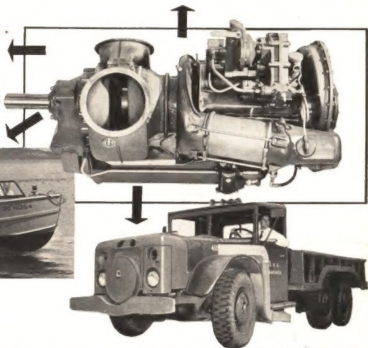
Boeing turbine under test in LCVP at Navy's Annapolis, Md., Engineering Experiment Station.



U. S. Navy Kaman K-225, world's first turbo-rotor helicopter. Power plant is Boeing gas turbine.



Propulsion test of Boeing turbine in Navy personnel boat.



Heavy-duty Army ordnance truck, test-powered by Boeing gas turbine.

Revolutionary power for land, sea and air

The Boeing gas turbine is one of the most versatile engines in existence. It's a 200-pound lightweight that can deliver the 175-horsepower output of a heavyweight.

Developed by Boeing engineers under Navy sponsorship, the turbine is being built in limited production quantities as a power source for mine-sweeper generating sets.

In addition, all three military serv-

ices are testing the turbine in a variety of ways demonstrating its versatility.

Navy tests include installations in a landing craft, a Kaman helicopter and a personnel boat. The Army is testing it as the power plant of a Cessna L-19 liaison airplane, a pipeline pump, a portable generator set, and an ordnance truck. The Air Force is experimenting with the Boeing turbine as a starter for jet aircraft.

Built originally to study jet power, this turbine is a product of the creative engineering that has enabled Boeing to make so many contributions to both civilian and military aviation. It is small, light, easy to transport, and it starts and gets to full power quickly. These attributes suggest that one day its applications in commercial use may be as varied as the test installations being made by the military.

For the Air Force Boeing builds the B-47 Stratojet, the B-50 Superfortress, the C-97 Stratofreighter and the B-52 Stratofortress; and for the world's leading airlines, Boeing has built fleets of twin-deck Stratocruisers.

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investigate every 500 years or so to see how the crew is getting along . . . The final report on this jolly group of totalitarian cannibals would be most enlightening.

MADI MACFARQUHAR

West Newbury, Mass.

Sir:

That illustration of a space man made a damn striking cover. Best I've seen in a long time.

ROBERT D. CARLEN

New York City

Sir:

Artyzbashev's "Space Pioneer" seems to be walking across a terrain with a good deal of ease. How he does, though, remains a mystery because whichever of his three legs he lifts first would throw him into a state of unbalance and he would topple over on that side. Besides, lacking counterweights at his knee joints, he could never straighten his knees once he had bent them. Furthermore, if the poor man ever got tired and sat down, he probably never would stand up again . . . In other words, even the man of the future is going to have to pay some attention to his basic anatomy.

HARRY SHERSHOW

Revere, Mass.

Sir:

Do I hear echoes of Valhalla pouring forth from Werner von Braun's mouth? . . . [His] concept of an "American star" rising over Asia . . . would . . . cause fear on the part of many nations . . . They will always believe that we will abuse power . . . Von Braun would do well to concentrate on his rockets and guided missiles and leave politics alone . . .

WILLIAM PUCKETT JR.

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

. . . You say: ". . . If a space ship moves at nearly the speed of light, its time slows down. It can sail like a cosmic ray for thousands of earth-years from star to star, but for its crew only weeks will pass. When they return to earth, however, they will all be Rip van Winkles: their friends and families will long since have passed into ancient history."

Suppose it were possible to establish radio contact between this ship and earth. On one end (in space) time is almost at a standstill, whereas at the other it is going at the regular clip . . . How would the earthling sound to the space operator?

L. H. WEINHEIMER

Minneapolis

When Reader Weinheimer's radio message reached the space ship, it would be a voice from the past, and he would be rather in the position of the famous young lady named Bright:

. . . *Whose speed was far greater
than light
She set out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.*
—ED.

Responsibility in Government

Sir:

In your issue of Nov. 3, you carried a story concerning the origins of the United States policy toward Korea prior to the outbreak of hostilities there. In this story you said that in 1949 the State Department's "Far Eastern experts and policy planners (among them John Davies . . .) worked up a new policy paper . . . for the National



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Security Council," misrepresenting General MacArthur's advice about the withdrawal of U.S. forces from Korea.

The impression left by this statement is, insofar as it applies to Mr. Davies, erroneous and unjust. Davies had no responsibility for the preparation of the paper you mention or any other papers on this subject. Insofar as he might have made any contribution toward their preparation (and there is actually no evidence either in the files or in people's memories that he had anything to do with this at all), such contribution could certainly not have been of an order different from that of dozens of other subordinate officials in the Department of State.

It was I, after all, not Davies, who was at that time head of the Policy Planning Staff. I was responsible for its work and its recommendations. . . . Do you not mislead your readers when you encourage them to disregard the clear hierarchy of governmental responsibility and to seek in the alleged "influence" of junior officials the explanation for whatever is found displeasing in the workings of public policy? Must all reverses be attributable to sinister intrigue? Is it not possible that most of them might be the result of normal factors in the operation of a governmental system?—of faultiness in even the most scrupulous human judgment, of blurred spots in even the clearest human vision, perhaps even in the fact that not all the problems of national policy are readily soluble?

GEORGE F. KENNAN

East Berlin, Pa.

Japan's Christian Martyrs

Sir:

I appreciated your interesting Nov. 10 review of Father James Brodrick's *St. Francis Xavier*. One sentence, though, might be a bit misleading and a bit uncomplimentary to the Japanese people. After mentioning the permanent successes of Xavier's whirlwind apostolate, your reviewer states: "Other [missionary conquests,] like his great Japanese mission, were later nullified by persecutions and royal decrees."

Actually, over 200 years of vigorous persecution could not root out the Christian faith from the shepherdless flock of Japan. A few years after Commodore Perry's reopening of Japan to the West in 1853, Catholic missionaries discovered around 50,000 Christians isolated in little pockets throughout the country. . . . These Japanese descendants of the martyrs of Nagasaki and Miyako discovered the missionaries. These latter were cautiously approached and by their answers to three questions were recognized as the successors of the 17th century Japanese pastors. The questions were: Did they come from the Pope in Rome? Were they celibates? Did they honor the Mother of Jesus? . . .

(THE REV.) N. G. McCLUSKEY, S.J.
Paray-le-Monial, France

Praise of Tariffs

Sir:

Commentators in your Dec. 8 Letters column on Detroit's Board of Commerce proposal to abolish all U.S. tariffs overlook the most fundamental principle underlying foreign trade. Foreign imports are of no benefit to a country unless they consist of products which that country cannot profitably produce.

To be specific: when butter or cheese from Holland enters this country, it takes the place of our own dairy products. . . .

If we want to subsidize foreign countries in order to use them as wartime allies, that is a different matter. It can be done in either one of two ways: by direct gifts of money extracted from American taxpayers, or by free trade at the expense of American business.

E. G. LEE

Saint Paul, Minn.

TIME, DECEMBER 29, 1952



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear New Time-Reader

To those of you who have just been introduced to TIME through a Christmas gift subscription starting with this issue, I would like to extend a warm welcome into the circle of the 2,000,000 families who read and enjoy TIME every week.

Since 1923, our first year of publication, TIME has been sending special greeting cards (in the name of the giver) to those who received subscriptions as gifts. Some of those cards are reproduced on this page, and the one you received this year is shown below.

To express the feelings of a person who received TIME for Christmas, we improvised a fable in 1926 about "a little old man" named Marcus Strong, who met Santa Claus at his club—a fable which we still retell. In a moment of typical generosity, Santa told Marcus he could have anything he wanted for Christmas.

"Marcus did not want riches," the story said, "for that meant that all his relations would come to live with him. He did not want the Presidency of the U.S., for that meant packing up and moving to another city. He did not want a magic carpet because he knew that it would make him dizzy to look over the edge of it.

"So he asked Santa Claus to give him time to think it over. Now Santa Claus is a busy old fellow—and sometimes a bit careless. And when he went away from his club that night he wrote down in his little red leather notebook: 'Marcus Strong—TIME.' And that explains how Marcus received last year his 'best Christmas present since 1876.'"

Your Christmas gift of TIME, I'm sure, was no mistake. The friend who gave it to you must have known that you are interested in the world's news and would be happy to get it in a single package every week. So to you, to Marcus Strong, and to every TIME-reader, the merriest of Christmases and the best of personal wishes for the New Year.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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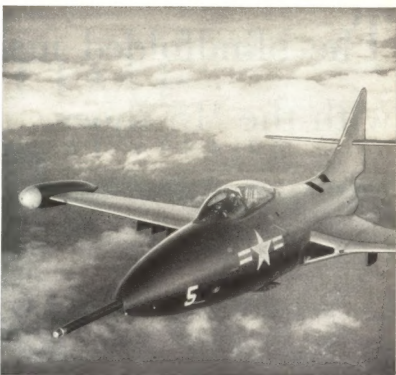
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Contractors to the Armed Forces

The blindfolded man with the \$15 shoes

This man is wearing a \$6 shirt, an \$80 suit, and a pair of \$15 shoes.

All are about twice as expensive as they were a dozen years ago. Yet this man is blind to a fact equally obvious: that his life insurance, also, should have been doubled, to provide for his family in terms of *today's living costs*.

Fathers, too, are worth more now!

Have you taken a careful look at your life insurance lately? Is there enough to "take over" for you at 1952 prices? If not, better bring it up to date as quickly as possible. Get the help of an expert trained in family and business security—a New England Mutual agent who has made a career of planned protection. He will set up a program to suit your individual needs, utilizing policies whose rates have *not* increased, and which offer liberal dividends as well.

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THE NATION

The One-Town Skirmish

"What is the 1952 version of the old-fashioned Christmas story?" wired TIME Correspondent John McCormally from Kansas. "Isn't the story basically the same—charity? Not just the rich being charitable to the poor, but the free giving a hand to the struggling, the confident reassuring the doubtful? Isn't it a whole people being measured up?"

At Christmas time a year ago, McPherson, Kans. (pop. 9,000) was unshakable in the certainty that it was a satisfied, solid, respectable U.S. community. The county seat of a prosperous, diversified farming area on the eastern edge of the wheat belt, it had never known depression. In the 1930s, it discovered oil, avoided a raucous boom, and managed to build a conservative prosperity around the big Bay Petroleum and National Co-op refineries. On the cultural side, McPherson could count two small colleges: the Methodists' Central College and the Church of the Brethren's McPherson College.

Then early last fall, McPherson became aware that a group of African students had arrived at the colleges on missionary scholarships. Central College enrolled Augustine Njoku-Obi, 22, an ebony-black graduate of a Nigerian mission school. McPherson College took in six other Africans: James Craig, 25, a half-Scots Nigerian who wanted to be an agricultural missionary; Joseph Obi, 26, a onetime math teacher in a mission high school (who soon topped McPherson's honor roll); Isaac Grillo, 21, a surveyor aiming for a degree in civil engineering; Daniel Onyema, 28, an accountant who wanted to be an electrical engineer; Emanuel Thompson, 24, a pharmacist studying to be an orthopedic surgeon; Elijah Odokara, 21, a railway telegrapher who was taking a premedical course.

Odokara had come to the U.S. in spite of warnings from his father, 97-year-old ceremonial leader of the idol-worshipping Omenani religion. "Christians," scoffed the father, "don't practice what they preach."

Flight by Night. Like most Midwestern towns, McPherson was unaware that it had a segregation problem: before the students arrived from Africa, it counted only 23 Negroes inside the city limits, and they managed pretty well to keep out of the way. So when Nigerian James



McPHERSON'S POSTMISTRESS & FRIENDS
"All we have to do is act like Christians."

Craig went into a barbershop for his first U.S. haircut, the barber sputtered uncertainly, then announced that he could not cut a Negro's hair. Said Craig later: "I told him I was half-Scotch. I asked him if he would give me half a haircut. He asked me to leave." Augustine Njoku-Obi got a job in a laundry, discovered that he was being paid only half as much as the whites next to him. The first time the boys went to the movies, they were hustled upstairs to the balcony.

Joe Obi, the ex-math teacher, went one evening into a downtown café and sat down at the counter. The counterman told Joe he would have to eat in the kitchen. "I was awfully hungry," Joe said later. "So I went back there to the kitchen. They put me at a little table near the sink. The dishwasher splashed soapy water on my food, and someone started to sweep the floor and made a dust cloud." Joe was terrified. He plunked down the price of his meal, dashed out through the front door, and ran without stopping all the mile and a half back to the college.

"This Made Me Scared." The boys were unprepared for another Midwestern phenomenon: winter. At the first cold snap, McPherson College telephoned around town to line up some warm clothes.

One of the first calls went to a loyal McPherson alumna, Rosella Switzer, the town's Democratic postmistress. Rosella, a widow in her 40s, runs an efficient post office, smokes Pall Malls, drinks an occasional bourbon & coke, likes politics and people. She was curious about the African students and invited them over. Two nights later they sat comfortably around her living room, sipping coffee, browsing through her books, listening to her records—and talking.

What they said was an earful. Nigeria, they told Rosella, is surging toward its own nationalism. "We are struggling for independence," Isaac Grillo explained. "We won't stop. That is why we want education—to help with the revolution." They told about their Nigerian friends who study in Communist countries, come back home "with plenty of money for political activity" and hot with praise for the Communists. They read Rosella an editorial from the *West African Pilot*, written by their hero, Nnamdi Azikiwe, known as "Zik." Zik, they said, is a non-Communist, but he hates the U.S. for its segregation, and writes that Communism is the form of government most likely "to ensure equality of freedom to all peoples."

As Rosella told the story: "Discrimina-

tion always makes me mad. But this was different. This made me scared. All they knew about America was what they knew about McPherson. For the first time I really saw how important little things, a long way off, can be. We had to fight a one-town skirmish away out here in the middle of the United States."

"Are You Nuts?" Next morning Rozella was on the telephone to Luther Palmer, the manager of the C. R. Anthony Department Store. "Luther," she said, "would you spend 50 bucks to help stop a war that's going to cost billions?" "Are you nuts?" snapped Luther. Replied Rozella: "We've got a chance to whip some Communists, and all we have to do is act like Christians." She urged Luther to "act" by kicking in for winter clothes. In some

New Measurement. Last week the Nigerians—some of them in native costume—went caroling with the other college students, wound up at Rozella's house to help her decorate the Christmas tree. Elsewhere in McPherson there were no miracles to report, but Rozella's skirmish was gaining ground. At the Ritz theater the boys can now have any seat in the house. Luther Palmer and the three other merchants have promised to ask the Chamber of Commerce to look into the barbershop situation. (But the boys were still going 35 miles away to Hutchinson to get their hair cut.) The high school is planning to send its social science students out into the community to check up on race relations. And Joe Ohi, who once fled from the hostile restaurant kitchen, finds

Last week, having completed his Cabinet and filled most of his sub-Cabinet posts, he appointed an Under Secretary of Defense and the three secretaries of the armed services (see *The New Administration*). Between times, he had defined his own political position toward the Republican Party, i.e., loyal but not subservient, and clinched the liberal wing's dominance in his administration. He had met "the MacArthur problem" and the "Taft problem" with tact.

During his Korean trip, Ike had pondered and, in large measure, set the course the U.S. ought to take in its foreign and economic policies. He had set up liaison with congressional leaders, political leaders from all parts of the country, business leaders, various experts on national problems. In sum, he had assumed national leadership in everything but formal fact—and hardly anyone was worrying about Eisenhower's lack of experience.

Two Old Soldiers

The first big item on Ike's calendar, after his return from Korea, was Douglas MacArthur. MacArthur had let it be known that he would be glad to call on Eisenhower to tell him his ideas about Korea, but Eisenhower tactfully suggested that he and his former commanding officer meet elsewhere. So the two men had lunch in John Foster Dulles' narrow, four-story town house on Manhattan's sedate East 91st Street, just off Park Avenue.

It was a meeting of two authentic national heroes, two military leaders who had won great victories for the U.S. Eisenhower, ten years MacArthur's junior, had served as his chief of staff (1935-37) in the Philippines when MacArthur wore four stars and Ike was only a lieutenant colonel. In recent years, their relationship had not been close, and during the campaign, MacArthur, a Taftman, spoke not a word in Ike's support. But when the old soldier and his new commander in chief emerged from their meeting, after two hours and 15 minutes, there was no sign of strain between them. Arm in arm, they faced a crowd of reporters, curious passers-by, nursemaids and poodles. Said Ike: "We had a very fine conversation on the subject of peace, not only in Korea but in the world in general." Then he invited his "old commander" to say a word. Douglas MacArthur, looking affectionately at Ike, obliged: "... I haven't seen him for nearly six years. It is a resumption of an old friendship and comradeship that has existed for 35 years."

Later in the week, Ike spent several hours with congressional leaders, including Joe Martin, who will be Speaker of the House; Indiana's Charles Halleck, who will be majority leader; and Illinois' Leslie Arends, who will be majority whip. Martin bore a happy grin when he left the conference. Said he: "There'll be very close liaison between the President and Congress. Arends chimed in: "You'll see the finest cooperation... in many, many years. That will be a refreshing change." Some specific decisions: 1) Ike promised



Mac & Ike
A resumption of comradeship.

bewilderment he agreed. Then Rozella called up other merchants—J. C. McDonnell Co., J. C. Penney, Morris & Sons—and told them what Luther was doing. Next day the four merchants outfitted each of the seven students with a new suit, overcoat and gloves.

In the following weeks Rozella moved through McPherson as relentlessly as a combine, trying to straighten things out for the Nigerians. She ran into trouble. Shorty the barber agreed to cut the boys' hair, but other barbers began spreading the word that "Shorty is cutting niggers' hair." Said Shorty sadly: "It hurt my business. Even some preachers told me I was doing the wrong thing." One minister warned Rozella: "We must be careful we're not called Communists."

When Rozella heard that some of the local American Legionnaires were muttering about her crusade, she buttonholed a Legion official and said: "I'm going to make a decent guy out of you if it takes all next year."

he can eat in any restaurant, and says he isn't afraid any more.

But the biggest change of all was one that McPherson itself would be the last to recognize. In a short twelve months, the town had cast aside its old measurements of comfortable solidity. Challenged by a fragment of the world's demands on the U.S., McPherson was trying—as a whole humble people was trying—to "act like Christians" and measure up.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT In Business

A little more than six weeks ago, Republicans and Democrats were arguing bitterly over the question whether Dwight Eisenhower had enough experience to be President, and whether he was decisive enough. By last week, it seemed hard to believe that the argument had ever really taken place. Eisenhower had taken command as quickly and firmly as any President-elect in U.S. history.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

Deputy Secretary of Defense

ROGER MARTIN KYES, 46, vice president of General Motors Corporation.

Family & Early Years: Born at East Palestine, Ohio, the son of a lawyer-farmer. Graduated (*cum laude*) from Harvard in 1928. He married Helen Jacoby; they have four daughters.

Career: Began as an assistant to the president of the Glenn L. Martin Co. in 1928, moved on to become successively assistant to the vice president of the Black & Decker Manufacturing Co. (electric tools), vice president of the Empire Plow Co., president of Harry Ferguson, Inc. (tractors and farm implements), Charles Erwin Wilson, who will be his boss at Defense, brought him to General Motors in 1948.

Politics: A Republican, but never active in politics, not even in 1952.

Personality: A husky (6 ft. 4 in., 222 lbs.), tough executive. When G.M. decided to clean house at its truck & coach division in 1949, it gave Kyes the job with one broad order: "Make it profitable." Kyes grabbed the division by the scruff and shook. He transferred, fired and hired, inaugurated new sales techniques, developed a better diesel engine. Some people said he was ruthless, but he did the job.



Associated Press
KYES



George W. Meyer
ANDERSON

Secretary of the Navy

ROBERT BERNARD ANDERSON, 42, lawyer and estate manager.

Family & Early Years: A native Texan, the son of poor farmers. When he went to college, he had only a pair of pants and a sweater. So he shared his roommate's good suit and later bought it. He dropped out of college to teach a country school, went back to graduate from the University of Texas law school in 1932 at the head of the class. While in school, he changed the spelling of his middle name because almost everyone he knew pronounced it "burr-nerd." He is married, has two sons.

Career: The day he graduated from law school he was elected to the state legislature (he had campaigned on weekends). Later, he held a wide assortment of state jobs—assistant attorney general, professor of law at the state university, tax commissioner and racing commissioner. In 1937 he was appointed attorney for the W. T. Wagoner estate, the richest in Texas, and became its general manager in 1941. The estate has grown steadily under his hand, now has more than 100,000 acres of ranch land, vast oil and livestock interests, and its own \$1,000,000 headquarters building at Vernon, in north Texas. In 1949 Anderson turned down the \$75,000-a-year presidency of the American Petroleum Institute. He is chairman of the Texas State Board of Education, deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas.

Politics: A close friend of Texas Governor Allan Shivers, he was prominent Democrat for Eisenhower in this year's campaign.

Personality: Grey-haired and tall (6 ft. 1 in.), he walks with a slight limp (the result of a childhood attack of polio), which kept him out of the service in World War II. A Sunday-school teacher (Methodist) and a Boy Scout worker, he is constantly in demand as a speaker. Said a friend: "He can give you the time of day and make it sound like a speech." The new Secretary of the Navy confesses that he has never been aboard a naval vessel, says: "The largest ship I was ever on in my life was some 15 or 16 years ago when I went on a fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico . . . That boat couldn't have been more than 30 or 40 ft. long . . ."



N.Y. Daily Mirror-Int.
STEVENS



Associated Press
TALBOTT

Secretary of the Army

ROBERT TEN BROECK STEVENS, 53, textile executive.

Family & Early Years: His New England ancestry traces to Nathaniel Stevens, who started the family in the textile business by establishing a small woolen mill at North Andover, Mass. in 1813. Robert was born at Fanwood, N.J. (near his present home at South Plainfield), and was given his mother's Dutch maiden name as his middle name. He was a second lieutenant (field artillery) in World War I, graduated from Yale in 1921. He married Dorothy Goodwin Whitney; they have four sons and a daughter. One son, William, 21, is an army private in Europe.

Career: Starting as a salesman for the family firm in 1921, he took over as president when his father died in 1929, moved up to board chairman in 1945. His company (J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., with headquarters in New York City) is one of the biggest in the business, made \$44 million before taxes in 1951. He is a director of General Electric, General Foods, New York Telephone Co. and other corporations, is chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank's board. In World War II, he was a colonel in the Quartermaster Corps in charge of all textile procurement.

Politics: A Republican, Stevens has never been active in politics, never met Dwight Eisenhower until Ike offered him the job at a 15-minute conference last week. He does know Defense Secretary-designate Charles E. Wilson, assumes that Wilson is the man who picked him.

Personality: A trim, grey-haired, ruddy-cheeked, easy-smiling man who, his assistant says, "is always wound up like a mainspring."

Secretary of the Air Force

HAROLD ELSTNER TALBOTT, 64, New York capitalist.

Family & Early Years: One of nine children of a Dayton, Ohio construction magnate, he became vice president of his father's firm after graduating from Yale in 1910. During World War I, he was in the Army Aviation Section. He married Margaret Thayer; they have two sons and two daughters, maintain an apartment in Manhattan. His 45-room country home on Long Island burned down last summer.

Career: An aircraft industry pioneer, he built a wind tunnel near Dayton in 1916 for some Wright Brothers experiments, was president of the Dayton Wright Airplane Co. in 1916-20, later (1931-32) was chairman of North American Aviation, Inc.'s board. Some 25 years ago, he moved to New York and formed H. E. Talbott & Co., as an instrument to invest his fortune. One of the original investors in the Chrysler Corp., he is now a director of Chrysler and of other corporations. He was director of aircraft production for the War Production Board in 1942-43.

Politics: He has been a G.O.P. money raiser for nearly 20 years. A fervent Williekie man in 1940, he was Dewey's pre-convention and post-convention fund gatherer in 1948, played the same role for Ike this year.

Personality: A rugged, energetic type whose hair is still black, he is an expert horseman, was one of the country's leading polo players in the early '30s (seven goals). For many years he kept a stable of fine thoroughbreds (mostly steeplechasers). He likes to hunt big game, once bagged a two-horned rhinoceros in Africa. A rabid baseball fan, he shares a Yankee Stadium box with Herbert Brownell, the Attorney General-designate.

to confer weekly with congressional leaders, 2) the President's powers to reorganize Government agencies by directive will be extended a year, 3) reduction of Government spending will be the first order of business. What about patronage? asked a reporter. Replied Joe Martin headily: "We're up in the intellectual heights. We don't care about patronage."

Ike's Church

Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower have chosen the church they will attend in Washington: the grey stone, round-arched National Presbyterian Church at Connecticut and N Street, eight blocks north of the White House. Formerly known as the Church of the Covenant, it is considered one of Washington's more fashionable places of worship, whose pewholders over the years included Presidents Jackson, Pierce, Polk, Grant, Cleveland and Buchanan. Baptist Harry Truman worshipped in its "President's pew" on each opening of Congress. Its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Edward L. R. Elson, who served as chaplain to the XXI Corps during World War II and is a friend of Ike's, calls it "a typical American congregation."

Eisenhower, reared in the Brethren in Christ church, is not a member of any denomination, has recently attended Presbyterian and Lutheran churches.

BEHIND THE SCENES

On an Even Keel

Ike and his aides have thought a lot about the country's economy. Main point: there will be no drastic changes in the near future. One Ike adviser calls the program "imaginative orthodoxy."

TAXES may go down slightly in 1953. Eisenhower intends to let the excess-profits tax expire June 30, may temporarily raise ordinary corporate taxes to make up for the loss of income. Excise levies may be slightly reduced.

DEFENSE SPENDING will not be substantially increased. Ike hopes to do what he considers necessary by more efficient use of money already scheduled to be spent.

THE PRICE LEVEL will not be forced down rapidly. Says an adviser: "Ike will accept the present price structure and full employment economy pretty much as it is, not try to turn it back to some predetermined point of times past."

INVESTIGATIONS

Professor on Trial

The case of Owen Lattimore, the Johns Hopkins professor who powerfully influenced U.S. thinking and U.S. policy on China, finally reached the courts last week. In the three years since Senator Joseph McCarthy called Lattimore a "top Russian agent," the professor has 1) written a book in his own defense, *Ordeal by Slander*, that won applause from liberals; 2) appeared before one group of Senate investigators (the Tydings committee) whose majority cleared him handsomely; and 3) argued before another Senate hear-



OWEN LATTIMORE
Up the ladder.

ing (Internal Security subcommittee) which denounced him as a "conscious, articulate instrument of Soviet conspiracy" and urged that he be brought to trial for perjury.

Last week a federal grand jury in Washington, after sifting evidence presented by the FBI and Justice Department attorneys, indicted Lattimore. The grand jurors charged that he had willfully lied to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee when he said under oath that he:

¶ Never promoted Communists or Communist interests;

¶ Was not told that Dr. Ch'ao Ting-chi, who worked for the Institute of Pacific Relations and subsequently became a high



JOHN CARTER VINCENT
Down the line.

Chinese Communist official, was a Communist;

¶ Did not know that "Asiaticus," a contributor to the I.P.R.'s magazine, *Pacific Affairs*, which Lattimore edited, was a Communist;

¶ Did not knowingly publish articles written by Communists;

¶ Did not confer with Soviet Ambassador Constantin Oumansky during the period of the Soviet-Nazi pact;

¶ Did not handle the mail of White House Assistant Lauchlin Currie while Currie was away;

¶ Did not prearrange a trip to Communist China in 1937 with Red authorities.

Lattimore once more lashed out against "such vengeful harassment as I have been subjected to for three years." He added: "All that I can do is, in the words of a namesake of mine, to 'be of good comfort and play the man'..."

Arraigned before District Judge James R. Kirkland, Lattimore was asked how he pleaded, answered with a ringing "Not guilty!" He was released in \$5,000 bail, and his trial was fixed for early March.

Suspension & Clearance

Were the officials who played a key role in the U.S.'s disastrous China policy 1) mistaken in their judgment or 2) subversive in their intention, or 3) neither?

The Truman Administration has never admitted any misjudgment; the State Department's white paper of 1949, still the official line, holds that the Communist conquest of China had nothing to do with anything U.S. diplomats did or failed to do. And only last February, after a departmental hearing, State cleared the loyalty of John Carter Vincent, once the most influential of its Old China Hands. Secretary Dean Acheson himself gave Vincent "best wishes" and assurance of "full confidence."

Last week the President's Loyalty Review Board, which is a high court in such matters, overruled State's vindication of John Carter Vincent. Said the LRB: "Without expressly accepting or rejecting," it had taken into account 1) ex-Communist Louis Budenz' testimony that Vincent was a Communist, and 2) the Senate Internal Security subcommittee's finding that Vincent had been a "principal fulcrum" for pro-Communist influence in the State Department.

The board noted Vincent's "studied

¶ A reference to Hugh Latimer, 16th century Protestant bishop who was burned at the stake during Queen Mary's reign. As he prepared for death, Latimer said to a fellow victim and bishop, Nicholas Ridley: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as, I trust, shall never be put out."

¶ An agency of the Civil Service Commission, the LRB was set up in 1947 by Harry Truman. Chaired by a Connecticut Republican, ex-Senator Hiram Bingham, it is now composed of 31 members who sit in panels of three or more. While the board's personnel is publicly known, the names of members reviewing particular cases are kept confidential.

praise of Chinese Communists and equally studied criticism of the Chiang Kai-shek government . . . indifference to any evidence that the Chinese Communists were affiliated with or controlled by the U.S.S.R. . . . close association with numerous persons who, he had reason to believe, were either Communists or Communist sympathizers . . .

"His conduct . . . forces us reluctantly to conclude that there is reasonable doubt as to his loyalty . . ."

The LRB recommended that Vincent be dismissed. State responded by suspending the diplomat and ordering him home from Tangier, where he was assigned 21 months ago as Minister. The final decision to fire him must come from Harry Truman, who promised to talk it over with Dean Acheson.

The LRB last week cleared another controversial onetime China Hand: John Paton Davies Jr., who is now a top political adviser to the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany.

The board did not go into "the wisdom or judgment" of the Davies record on China. It heard confidential testimony from the Central Intelligence Agency's General Walter Bedell Smith and Ambassador George Kennan (see LETTERS) concerning recommendations made by Davies for using the services of alleged Communists. The board found that there was no reasonable doubt of Davies' loyalty.

THE SUPREME COURT

Loyalty Decision

In 1951, the Oklahoma legislature passed a law requiring all state employees to take a loyalty oath in which they had to pledge that they had not belonged—within five years of taking the oath—to any organization which the U.S. Attorney General called subversive or a Communist front. Seven teachers at Oklahoma A. & M. refused. When they were fired, they argued in court that this was a violation of the 14th Amendment, i.e., they had been deprived of property (their salaries) without "due process of law." Last week the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously upheld the teachers.

In previous cases, the Supreme Court had upheld the right of a state or city to fire employees who belong to subversive organizations. The difference, explained Justice Tom Clark, is that other laws make allowance for the possibility that a person might have joined a subversive organization innocently. But in the Oklahoma law, said Clark, "the fact of association alone determines disloyalty . . . It matters not whether association existed innocently or knowingly." A lot of "completely loyal" Americans, said Clark, in recent years learned "for the first time of the character of groups to which they had belonged." Democratic government, added Clark, "is not powerless to meet [disloyalty], but it must do so without infringing the freedoms that are the ultimate values of all democratic living."

THE CONGRESS

The Majority Leader

As big & little politicians buzzed into Washington for the big Gridiron dinner, Kansas Senator Frank Carlson, a trusted Eisenhower lieutenant, strolled inconspicuously into the office of New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges. Carlson wanted to talk about the problem of electing a Senate majority leader for the next session of Congress. Bridges restated his position: he wanted to be chairman of the Appropriations Committee; he did not want to be majority leader unless that was the only way to avoid an open fight between Bob Taft's friends and the Eisenhower people who seemed to like California's Bill Knowland as a candidate.

Next day, Frank Carlson heard his

DISASTERS

E Between Nine & Ten

Snow was sifting gently across the central Washington desert as the loaded C-124 Globemaster waddled, with grumbling engines, to the end of the 10,000-foot runway at Larson Air Force Base. Visibility was a safe two miles, and lights from the mess halls of the base glittered cheerfully through the grey light of dawn. There was a tremendous crowd of servicemen in the plane's canvas seats—131, including the crew—but the powerful, double-decked Globemaster, built to carry 200 men with full packs, had room for all and to spare.

Most of them had been waiting around since 3 o'clock, had milled about the waiting room at the field punching candy-



WRECKED GLOBEMASTER NEAR LARSON AIR FORCE BASE
"Myra, I checked the power!"

Associated Press

good friend Bob Taft's side of the story: the G.O.P. must not muff its big chance by allowing friction to develop between the White House and the Capitol; as majority leader, Taft would be thoroughly loyal to Ike Eisenhower; friction could be avoided best with Taft in the majority leadership. After the conference, Carlson telephoned around to other Ike-before-Chicago Senators, got their general endorsement of Taft as majority leader.

Last week Carlson hustled back to Manhattan's Commodore Hotel for a long lunch with Ike. Emerging, he told reporters: "If Senator Taft wants the leadership, I believe the majority of the Senate would feel that he would be an excellent leader, and probably entitled to it." From Washington, Taft issued a statement: both Bridges and Knowland assured him that they did not want the job, he said, so "I have decided that I shall be a candidate."

He was as good as in.

vending machines, stocking up on 70¢ flight lunches. Their patience was undisturbed. The flight—number 0100 on the dispatcher's schedule—was bound for San Antonio as part of Operation Sleightride, a little airlift calculated to get returning Korean veterans and enlisted men from Northwest bases home in good time for Christmas. Some of them cheered when the plane began to roll at 6:30.

Less than two minutes later, most of them were dead or dying. The plane roared off the runway, labored, and settled. It crashed only 2½ miles from the end of the runway, and went screeching across the snowy desert floor at dizzying speed, disintegrating as it went. A wing fell off, then the other. The fuselage broke in two. Gasoline spilled, spread, flamed. The big forward section of the plane was enveloped in curtains of fire.

Back at the field, Sergeant Gerald Wright, the dispatcher, had watched the plane rise against the grey sky, waver and disappear. The glass windows in front of

him vibrated, and the sky out over the desert suddenly glowed red. He stepped to a grid map before him, picked up an emergency phone, began calling: "Flight 0100 crashed at E between nine and ten . . . flight 0100 crashed at E between nine and ten . . ." Thirty seconds later, fire engines went swerving out on to the runway, red lights flashing.

Rescue crews began tumbling out near the furnace-like fire only ten minutes later. Some of them wore heavy clothes, asbestos gloves, asbestos hoods with Plexiglas windows. They ran through the vast litter of wreckage toward the after section of fuselage. It had escaped the first of the fire, and many of the living had already got out of it, or had been pulled out by dazed fellow passengers. The rescuers went into the flames with fire foam, pulled out more men, lifted the whole massive tail assembly with a crane to get a man pinned beneath it.

The base hospital began a desperate battle to save burned and broken survivors: some got as much as twelve pints of blood. Civilian doctors hurried in from miles around, and Air Force wives were pressed into service as nurses as the fight went on. Meanwhile, the luckiest of the survivors, some of whom had hardly a scratch, tried to reconstruct the accident. Most simply knew that the plane had lurched frighteningly and dropped after take-off. Why? The bandaged flight engineer, rousing from a coma, cried only: "Myra, I checked the power!" and lapsed back into unconsciousness.

At week's end, 86 men were dead, the worst death toll in the history of aviation.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Unhappy Shakespearean

Over the years, Americans have learned to distinguish some of the names of the men who come to the U.N. to denounce the U.S. One of the more prominent among these was Juliusz Katz-Suchy, in 1951 the churlish chief of Poland's U.N. delegation. In anti-American invective, Katz-Suchy seemed to be the match of any of his Russian or other Iron Curtain colleagues; occasionally he even spiced his Marxist denunciations of the U.S. as warmonger, slavemaster and cannibal with quotations from Shakespeare. But U.N. colleagues who knew him insisted that there were symptoms of Western infection noticeable in Katz-Suchy.

He looked, in the words of one acquaintance, "like an N.Y.U. philosophy professor who was on the football eleven not so long ago." Son of a Polish merchant, he became a Communist in his teens, held various party positions, then worked in a textile plant while a refugee in Britain during World War II. He often expressed his admiration for the British character. He was described as disillusioned because the U.S. and Russia failed to cooperate in U.N. (although he seemed to do his best to thwart any cooperation). Once, according to one story, he was making an anti-American speech

when a U.S. delegate walked out in a huff. "Why does he get so worked up now?" Katz-Suchy remarked. "I have been making the same speech for years." He also seemed to be guilty occasionally of bourgeois sentimentality. In his office, on top of the safe which held his secret files, he used to keep a small Christmas tree hung with silver snow and tiny colored balls.

Last year the whispers about his "unreliability" seemed confirmed when he was abruptly recalled to Poland and shunted to several minor jobs. This year he came back to the U.N.'s General Assembly, no longer as head of the delegation, but as an alternate.

One night last week, a Cadillac crashed into a pillar at the Manhattan end of New York's Triborough Bridge. From the wreckage police lifted Katz-Suchy, with head and tongue injuries, and a Polish



POLAND'S KATZ-SUCHY
Occasionally guilty.

woman journalist, who was also hurt. Reporters learned that Katz-Suchy had plane reservations for Europe and was scheduled to leave the night after the accident. U.N. corridor gossip had insistently compared him to Czechoslovakia's recently executed Vladimir Clementis (TIME, Dec. 15), who was also recalled from an Assembly session. Katz-Suchy may well have been in a state of mind calculated to make him accident-prone.

ARMED FORCES

Vest-Pocket Mine

The U.S. Army had bad news for Chinese commanders in Korea. Within a month, Eighth Army G.I.s will have a new weapon against "human sea" attacks—the 4½-oz. M14 anti-personnel mine. The M14's vest-pocket size (diameter: 2½ in.; depth: 1½ in.) and its inconspicuous color (khaki) will make the laying of invisible minefields quick

and easy. Its plastic case safeguards it from discovery by mine detectors. The miniature mine's capacity for destruction is limited—it is unlikely to do serious damage to a vehicle—but Army tests indicate that it has enough power to blow off a foot soldier's leg.

Burning Ears

In theory, the nation's generals and admirals plan the armed forces of the U.S. in the cold light of threat and necessity. In actual fact, they keep sonar-sensitive ears tuned to what the U.S. public is thinking, and keep Hollywood-size public-relations staffs to help the public think. Last week the Pentagon got an earful of public opinion—and its ears were burning.

Pollster George Gallup's pollsters asked the public, "Which branch of the armed services do you think should be built up to a greater extent—the Army, Air Force or Navy?" The answers: Air Force, 54%; Army, 11%; Navy, 8%; no opinion, 20%; more than one, 7%.

When Gallup's findings hit the Pentagon, they created one of the greatest faps since the Battle of the Bulge. Navy brass was furious, promptly suspected that the Air Force was responsible for the poll and story. Unless Washington has changed, the part of the service that will expand quickest is Navy public relations.

Heavy-Caliber Cover-Up

When Dwight Eisenhower came home from Korea he said that "certain [military] problems of supply have reached rather serious proportions and require early correction." New and indirect light was thrown on this cryptic statement last week. Pentagon reporters were summoned to a special press conference by the Army's Major General William Oliver Reeder, deputy assistant chief of staff for logistics (G-4). Ostensibly, the conference was called to discuss a "1952 Procurement Report." But reporters soon detected the real reason for the conference. Army's G-4 knew that Ike had come upon a carefully protected secret: U.N. troops in Korea are suffering from a shortage of artillery ammunition.

Said General Reeder, answering a reporter's pointed question: "I'm sure that [General Eisenhower] referred to ammunition. But [he] has been listening to the guys who would like to have all the ammunition we could possibly lay down. I would expect that." Reeder admitted that U.N. Commander Mark Clark had officially requested bigger deliveries of shells. Then Reeder volunteered a sleight-of-hand statement with few equals in the Pentagon's recent history: "We have plenty of ammunition to hold a line [in Korea]. But if you want to get going again it would obviously take a lot more ammunition. We don't have any unused capacity in stand-by."

G-4 was obviously willing to rattle any skeleton in the Truman closet to divert public attention from a snafu in supply. Sample Reeder rattles: 1) When Korea began, "we thought, and many responsible

people said, that it was just a police action"; 2) ammunition stocks are low partly because of the "atmosphere of economy" enforced by onetime (1949-50) Defense Secretary Louis Johnson.

Under a correspondent's prodding, General Reeder acknowledged that U.N. troops are now being rationed on artillery ammunition. Censorship still hides the rest of the story, but when it can be told it will emerge as a major scandal in home-front procurement.

SEQUELS

Billy's Lost Fling

Most U.S. citizens—a lot of Comanches included—have never heard of Comanche, Okla. (pop. 1,500), a comatose little cotton town on U.S. Highway 81, half an hour's drive from the Texas border. But a fortnight ago, Comanche's undertaker, a chubby, balding ro-ggetter named Glen Boydston, decided to put the town on the map. His inspiration: a news item announcing that droop-eyed Bill Cook, cold-blooded killer of six, was to be executed (TIME, Dec. 22) in the gas chamber at California's San Quentin prison.

Boydston got in touch with the killer's father, W. E. Cook of Joplin, Mo., and asked for permission to claim the body—a wealthy Comanche man, he explained blithely, wanted to pay for the funeral as a memorial for a wayward son. Cook agreed. Then Undertaker Boydston told the local newspapers to stand by, took off for California in his hearse, claimed Billy, performed a quick embalming job, brought the body back to Comanche, dressed it in a neat blue pinstripe suit with black necktie, and put it on display.

Billy was a sensation in Comanche. Boydston, however, was disappointed by the steady trickle of viewers who walked through his orchid-carpeted funeral home. Apparently in the hope of bigger headlines and bigger crowds, he announced that 12,000 people had crowded past the open coffin in the first two days, including seven busloads of schoolchildren from Byers, Texas—statements which were angrily denied by 1) watchful Comanche citizens, and 2) Byers school authorities. There was no denying, however, that 5,000 people had come to town to look at Billy, and that many of them brought their children along for the educational experience.

Boydston ordered loudspeakers rigged outside the funeral home, engaged the Rev. David Soper of the Assembly of God ("If we aren't careful, we could have a cannibalistic attitude in America . . .") said the reverend of Cook's career) and prepared for a big funeral. The coffin, Boydston assured the public, would be re-opened before burial to allow all a good, last look. But that was as far as the undertaker got with his plans.

Horrified and dismayed by the notoriety that clung to Billy even in death, members of his family hired a lawyer, threatened the undertaker with legal action, and demanded that he deliver the

body to them in Galena, Kans. Boydston, who had begun getting black looks from people in Comanche, hastened to oblige. He laid three dozen celluloid roses on Billy's chest, put a plastic boutonniere in his lapel, loaded the coffin into his hearse and took it to them. That night a handful of Billy's kin took him quietly to a rural cemetery at Lone Elm, Kans. and buried him by the light of flashlights. Said Undertaker Boydston: "The deal backfired on me."

RACES

First Since Reconstruction

During this year's campaign for governor of Illinois, Republican Candidate William G. Stratton promised to appoint the first Negro to the state cabinet. Last week Stratton paid up in heaping measure. He



ILLINOIS' BIBB
In heaping measure.

named an able Chicago Negro, Joseph Bibb, to one of the state's most sensitive and important posts, director of public safety.

This bold move in a state that contains areas of high racial tension (e.g., Chicago, Cicero) may win back to the Republican Party many Illinois Negroes, who continued to vote Democratic through the 1952 election. Bibb will be the first Negro to occupy a cabinet post in any state since Reconstruction days in the South.

Though a longtime Republican, 57-year-old Joseph Bibb is no professional politician. Born in Montgomery, Ala., where his father taught Hebrew and Greek at a theological school, he is a practicing lawyer (Yale Law School, 1918) and managing editor of the Pittsburgh Courier's Chicago edition. As safety director, Bibb will boss four state penitentiaries, the 500-man state police force, all state parole agents and the Division of Criminal Investigation and Identification.

CITIES

Let There Be Light

Chicago's city council recently passed a new record budget of \$376 million, including pay raises for political jobholders, increased auto allowances for favored ward heeleders, and a whopping \$4,800,000 for the city's Electricity Bureau. Young (34) Democratic Alderman Robert Merriam, who with 13 Republican colleagues had vainly fought for economies, decided to investigate the bureau, followed a seven-man electrical crew on its rounds around erratically lit Chicago. His report, published last week:

8:34 A.M.: First maintenance truck leaves city garage with two men aboard.

9:40 A.M.: Truck stops at 2020 West Cullerton. One man apparently siphons gas from truck into gas can and puts it in another car.

9:57 A.M.: Truck proceeds to Maplewood & Flournoy, meets five men, who drive up in own cars.

10:02 A.M.: Two men put ladder against pole. Others do nothing.

10:05 A.M.: One man ascends pole to attach rope at top. Others do nothing.

10:23 A.M.: One man starts painting base of pole. Man on pole erects pulley arrangement to enable him to get can of paint to top of pole without carrying it.

10:29 A.M.: Three men go to other car and drive off. Only one man working.

10:47 A.M.: Three men come back in their car.

10:54 A.M.: Cars and truck leave.

11:25 A.M.: New location. School & Ravenswood.

11:26 A.M.: Equipment unloaded. One man digging, others watching.

11:45 A.M.: Six off for lunch. Go to tavern nearby.

12:54 P.M.: Six men return from tavern and one resumes digging.

1:03 P.M.: One man ascends pole and detaches electric wire. One man digs.

1:08 P.M.: One descends pole.

1:37 P.M.: Two men working to remove pole.

1:49 P.M.: Two men remove pole, using pulley; put in new pole.

2:02 P.M.: Two men tamp dirt.

2:04 P.M.: Two men go to tavern.

2:15 P.M.: One man on top of pole, attaching wire.

2:21 P.M.: One man on top of pole, one painting base of pole.

2:25 P.M.: Man on pole working, others in truck.

2:40 P.M.: One man painting pole—three in tavern—three in truck.

2:48 P.M.: Man descends pole, puts ladder back in truck. Nobody working.

2:52 P.M.: Another man leaves for tavern; no one working.

2:54 P.M.: Last three men leave for tavern. All seven men in tavern now. Truck unattended though motor is running, as it has been all day.

3:12 P.M.: Mass exodus from tavern.

3:19 P.M.: Truck drives off. Other men get in cars and leave.

NEW YORK

Nine Hundred & Forty Thieves

Albert Anastasia, a murderous slob in clubman's clothes, dropped in at the New York State Crime Commission hearings on waterfront corruption one afternoon last week. It was a most dramatic moment. As "Lord High Executioner" of Brooklyn's old Murder, Inc., Anastasia superintended the assassinations of 63 of his fellowmen; as a tycoon of crime, today he is the very epitome of these violent, callous and imperious criminals whose word is the only law on Greater New York's 770 miles of piers.

Crowds lined the corridors of New York County Courthouse and murmured as Anastasia strode through. He stared at them with hard contempt—and at the attendants who held them back and at the glare of flashbulbs touched off by his entrance. As a witness he was relaxed and polite. With pudgy fingers he smoothed his suit, touched his conservative black necktie. He was, he said in the hoarse voice of illiteracy and command, a dress manufacturer. Then, save for a few innocuous questions, he quit answering. He departed as imperiously as he had entered.

But his silence only dramatized the investigations being conducted simultaneously by the commission and a Brooklyn grand jury; all week long, the two groups pitchforked up vast, reeking chunks of long-buried evidence on the rackets which bled a third of a billion dollars a year from the world's greatest port. Amid this sensational exposé of crooked politicians, corrupt cops, grafting labor leaders and swaggering gangsters in New Jersey and New York, Anastasia emerged as a star performer despite himself. The ghost of Peter Panto, an insurgent longshoreman whose body was found in a New Jersey lime pit eleven years ago, came to haunt him—and to haunt New York's ex-Mayor Bill O'Dwyer.

How Panto Died. It was O'Dwyer, as a politically ambitious prosecutor in Brooklyn, who publicly promised justice in the case of Panto. It was O'Dwyer who finally let Anastasia, the killer, go free for lack of evidence after Star Witness Abe ("Kid Twist") Reles "jumped or fell" from a Coney Island hotel room in which six New York cops stood guard. But last week the commission exhumed a report, buried by O'Dwyer, on the exact circumstances of Panto's death.

On Feb. 7, 1941, it developed, one of Murder, Inc.'s "soldiers" named Albert ("Tick-Tock") Tannenbaum told Edward Heffernan, an assistant D.A., about meeting a fellow hoodlum, Emanuel ("Mendy") Weiss, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. Tannenbaum noticed scratches on Weiss's hands and asked him how he had come by them. Weiss's story as told by Tannenbaum:

"He said, 'We had a close one the other night.' I said, 'Yeah?' So he goes on to tell me that [Jimmy] Ferraco and [Albert] Anastasia and himself were in a house waiting for somebody to bring some wop

out there that they were supposed to kill and bury.

"He said, 'The guy just stepped into the door and must have realized what it was about and he tried to get out. He almost got out.' He said, 'It's a lucky thing I was there. If I wasn't there, he would have got away. I grabbed him and mugged him . . . and he started to fight and he tried to break the mug, and that's when he scratched me. But he didn't get away.'

"I said, 'What was it about?'

"He said, 'It's Panto, some guy Albert had a lot of trouble with down on the waterfront, and he was threatening to get Albert into a lot of trouble. He was threatening to expose the whole thing, and the only thing Albert could do was to get rid of him. He tried all sorts of different ways to win him over and quiet him down, but he couldn't do anything with him. He had to kill him.'"



ALBERT ANASTASIA
A murderous slob quit talking.

So Panto was killed, and life for workmen in Brooklyn's six "Camarda locals" of the International Longshoremen's Association—so-called because of their iron-handed rule by a hoodlum named Emil Camarda—went on as usual. Anastasia was not even brought in by O'Dwyer for questioning. Rank & file members of the A.F.L. union, witnesses testified, had to pay their dues to gangsters who simply appropriated them. They were rarely allowed to hold meetings. They not only had to "kick back" up to 40% of their salaries for the privilege of getting work, but to contract for haircuts at a certain shop (which they were not allowed to enter) and to pay exorbitant prices for wine grapes from certain favored dealers whether they wanted to make wine or not.

What did ex-cop, ex-judge, ex-district attorney, ex-general, ex-mayor, now ex-Ambassador O'Dwyer have to say about this? Safely south of the border in Mexi-

co, last week, he cried: "If they're so goddam interested in Anastasia, then why the hell don't they prosecute the ———!"

Ordeal of a "Reformer." The commission also heard of bribery, corruption, larceny and sudden death across the Hudson in New Jersey. When Jersey City's "reform" mayoralty candidate, John V. Kenny, ended the 30-year rule of Boss Frank ("I Am the Law") Hague in 1949, there was dancing in the streets. But last week "Reformer" Kenny was accused and re-accused of being hand in glove with platoons of racketeers.

Albert Jordan, his former chauffeur, testified that he frequently drove Kenny to the home of a Jersey gangster and gambler named Charlie Yanowski, who was later stabbed to death with an ice pick. Kenny, it developed, also had a deep interest in the waterfront and held a secret midnight meeting last March with moon-faced, heavy-handed Anthony Strollo—prisonbound Joe Adonis' successor in the Jersey rackets. For reasons never explained, Entertainer Phil Regan, an expoliceman known as the "Singing Cop," furnished him his room in Manhattan's midtown Warwick Hotel for the rendezvous. Mayor Kenny denied the whole business before the grand jury. But six days later he admitted all. He had dealt with Strollo after all, but he had only gone to see Strollo for civic good—the way "Roosevelt went to see Stalin," he said. He had been ashamed to admit it, "because all my life I have been clean." Chauffeur Jordan had a different story: the mayor had wept on his shoulder, and moaned: "They've got me dead to rights—they must have had a bug [microphone] in the room."

Aroused, Kenny appeared on television to protest that his name was being blackened like that of "Archbishop Stepinac in Czechoslovakia" (the mayor presumably meant Yugoslavia). But the words were hardly out of his mouth before Richard McGrath of the John W. McGrath Stevedoring Co. testified that his firm had agreed to pay Kenny's son-in-law 50% of all profits on one pier to get the use of certain other Jersey City piers—though, as things turned out, the deal fell through, and they paid only \$1,000 for good will.

Even the Army. Meanwhile, the commission was told that Jersey City's Claremont Terminal was considered so juicy a prize after the Army took it over in the summer of 1951 that an underworld war was fought for rights to steal from it. (The Army abandoned the pier in disgust less than six months later.) A former longshoreman named Charles Strang testified how one Walter ("Wally the Shark") Marcinski boasted of having Mayor Kenny's "O.K." on the Claremont piers. Wally, said Strang, stole cases of tools from Army tanks. "They stole so much Army equipment that every longshoreman looked more like the Army than the Army itself."

All this sensational talk last week brought no halt to waterfront corruption. It was hard to say whether it ever would.

INTERNATIONAL

WAR IN KOREA

Frigid Ridges

Cold fog, followed by freezing rain and falling temperature, reduced front-line fighting last week to its lowest scale since early October. On the frigid ridges of the central front, where the rain had put a glazed crust on four inches of fresh snow, the temperature dropped to 3° below zero. Enemy patrols were observed in white-clad camouflage. In a pre-dawn snowstorm, the Reds captured some frozen foxholes near "Old Baldy," slipped away after trading machine-gun fire with the allies for an hour.

To frustrate Red efforts to build up their reserves during the lull, the U.S. Fifth Air Force sent hundreds of Thunderjets. Shooting Stars and Mustangs ranging over Communist camping grounds in western Korea. Night-raiding B-26 and B-29 bombers struck at Communist supply bases and transport columns rolling southward towards the front. The Reds retaliated with a propaganda attack: a Communist plane dropped leaflets on U.S. lines showing American civilians relaxing in Caribbean sunshine. Front-line loudspeakers played Christmas carols. Through the imperfect loudspeaker transmission, some listeners thought they heard the phrase, in imperfect English: "We want to go home as much as you do."

NATO

The Slowdown

Crowded round a green baize U-shaped table in Paris' Palais de Chaillot, 42 foreign, defense and finance ministers of the 14 NATO nations last week sought agreement on how much the West should spend on defense in 1951. The debate was wordy, but the sense of the meeting was plain: a majority of those present believe the time has come for a thorough reassessment of NATO.

"Remote & Recoding." France, whose strength in Europe varies inversely with the size of the French Army's difficulties in Indo-China, wanted the conference to recognize NATO interest in that area, and the ministers agreed. They urged all NATO governments, notably the U.S., to lend "continuing support" to the "valiant and long-continuing struggle" which has so far cost France \$1.6 billion and the cream of her officer corps.* At last the war in Indo-China, too long derided as a colonial struggle, was recognized for what it is: a trial of strength against Communism, second in importance only to Korea.

The British brought up an even more basic problem: Should NATO prepare for a long-drawn-out Cold War, on the assumption (endorsed by no less an oracle than Winston Churchill) that the danger of Soviet attack is "remote and reced-

ing?" Or should the plans be drawn for an imminent Hot War, in which one division in the field is worth five in planning? Soldiers thought that kind of talk should only be heard after a minimum defense has been created. Diplomats reported that yes, they think they can detect a gradual relaxation in Russian pressure. Economists agreed that Europe's brittle economy cannot stand the strain of faster rearmament.

Window Dressing? The diplomats and economists prevailed. "We have to do what we can do, not what we'd like to do," said Dean Acheson, representing the U.S. at his last big international conference. Without admitting it, the 42 ministers abandoned the goals set in their famed Lisbon Conference last February, shrugging off their talk of 70 divisions by

precipitate war: that we are in for a long cold war and, therefore, should adjust our plans . . .

"There can be no excuse for . . . lessened effort, slower tempo, reduced goals and apathetic resignation . . . My responsibility for the military defense of the NATO nations of Europe is not qualified. I am not told to defend just parts of them and their peoples. Nor am I told that my responsibility is to become effective at some future date. I have it today."

Two-in-One Oil

The policymakers of NATO agreed last week on a special formula for ending two years of Anglo-American friction over command of NATO forces in the vital Mediterranean area. The solution was a



THE RIDGWAYS & EDENS IN PARIS
The sense of the meeting was plain.

1953 as mere "window dressing" designed at the time to impress the U.S. Congress. The ministers cut in half the soldiers' urgent request for \$420 million to continue construction of NATO airfields, radar network and jet-fuel pipelines. And although all NATO nations were pledged in advance to increase their arms budgets in 1953, the ministers avoided setting targets which they might get blamed for missing.

Apathetic Resignation? None of this means that NATO is falling apart, or even badly faltering. But to NATO Supreme Commander General Matthew B. Ridgway it was a bitter disappointment. "As the responsible military commander," he told a graduating class of SHAPE officers the day after the conference broke up. "I reject as unjustifiably dangerous the view that potential aggressors do not want war, are not ready for war and will not

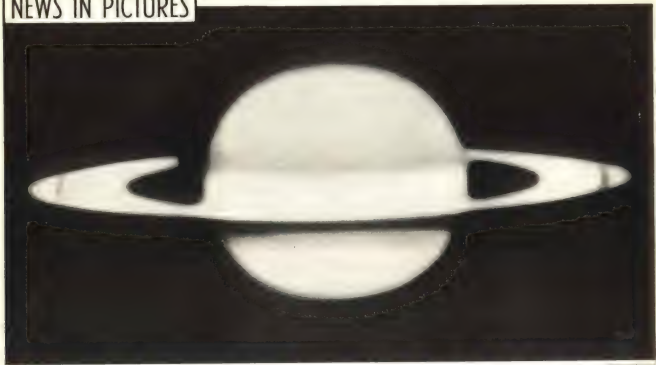
kind of two-in-one oil: Britain and the U.S. will share joint command in the area, subject to the higher authority of NATO's Supreme Commander Matthew B. Ridgway.

The U.S. keeps command of its own Sixth Fleet (largest in the area) under Admiral Robert B. ("Mick") Carney, with responsibility for delivering the atomic bomb and supporting land operations. Britain keeps command of its own Mediterranean fleet plus the French and Italian naval forces assigned to NATO.

Holding up Britain's end will be able, handsome Vice Admiral Louis Mountbatten, uncle of the Duke of Edinburgh. He and Carney will be of equal standing under Ridgway, and in time of war will "coordinate." What did the word mean? reporters asked. "Coordinate," explained NATO Secretary General Lord Ismay of Britain, "is fixing it with the other chap."

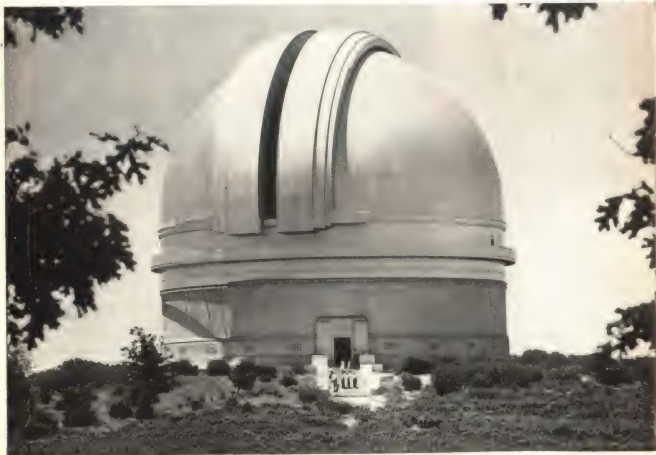
* Total U.S. aid for the war in Indo-China so far: 14% of the total cost.

NEWS IN PICTURES



SATURN'S RINGS, girdling the sun's second-biggest planet (after Jupiter), show up more clearly than ever before in this one-second-exposure photograph made with the 200-inch Hale reflector, world's largest telescope, at California's Palomar Observatory (below).

First observed by Galileo 342 years ago, Saturn's three main concentric rings are 171,000 miles in diameter, ten miles thick, and composed of countless dust-sized particles from a disintegrated satellite. Separation of two of the rings is seen in the dark lines at either end.





MOON'S CRATERS, probably gouged out by showers of meteors more than a billion years ago, loom large in Palomar's powerful eye. High-definition photograph, which looks like picture from a passing rocket ship, covers area of 40,000 sq. mi. (approximately the size of

Ohio), shows a harsh, waterless plain scarred by jagged crater walls, some of which closely approach Mt. Everest's height of 29,002 ft. The largest crater, 150-mile-wide Clavius (lower-center, six inches across cut), has 12,000-ft. walls and two-mile-wide pocks in floor.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

Threats & Pressures

Sitting cross-legged in their stocking feet in Cairo's vast, thousand-year-old El Azhar Mosque, Islam's two most important military chiefs, Egypt's General Mohammed Naguib and Syria's Colonel Adib Shisheky, heard an ancient, chilling summons, "A jihad (holy war) for the right and defense of the freedoms of people," demanded the sheik in his sermon. The jihad was designed to support "our brothers in North Africa in their struggle against imperialism" and to teach France an "eloquent lesson."

A thousand years ago, some earlier Moslem version of a Naguib and a Shi-

shek might have responded by rattling their damascene blades, leaping to Arab steeds and smiting the infidel to the cry of *Allah il Allah!* But now they rattled only their tongues. At a state dinner in his honor, eminent visitor Shisheky said: "We are prepared to strike back if necessary." Naguib echoed: "Ten blows for each one in attack against us."

Actually, there would be no jihad. The Koranic doctrine—which once spelled unrelenting, no-quarter battle between the Abode of Islam and the Abode of War until Islam triumphed—has softened to a practical acceptance of co-existence of Moslem and infidel. As the Moslem world grew weaker, fanatics called louder & louder for jihad, but met less & less response. When the degenerate Turkish Sultan-Caliph proclaimed a jihad against the Allies in 1914, it was cynically dubbed the "Holy War Made in Berlin." It was the last real jihad and an utter failure.

Lost Ground. But as an indication of popular indignation, the jihad call last week deserved to be taken seriously, for it symbolized an upsurge of anti-Western feeling among the Arabs that threatens to lose what Arab friendship has been expensively gained in the past year.

Sources of Arab contention:

¶ Endorsement by Britain, France and the U.S. of the Israeli-supported U.N. resolution for direct Arab-Israeli talks. The Arabs argued that the U.N. should stick instead to its previous insistence that 1) Jerusalem be internationalized (the Jews are now trying to make it their capital), and 2) the 880,000 Arab refugees be allowed to return to their Palestine homes. Aided by Soviet and Latin

the Bey is a semiliterate ex-Turkish functionary whom the French in 1943 hand-picked as their stooge. For him now to oppose proffered French "reforms" as insufficient they regard as rank ingratitude. Last week, no longer finicky about U.N. reaction, France's Cabinet dispatched a "stern and clear" ultimatum to the Bey: capitulate or suffer unspecified consequences, possibly deposition from his million-dollar job. Within 48 hours, the Bey capitulated.

Prospects are that the strong repression measures of the French may restore order, but not peace. Talk of jihad may be too strong, but the restlessness in the Islamic world is only too real.

FRANCE

XXX Marks the Spot

Almost any alert bystander can detect an approaching switch in the Communist Party line, but it takes an expert to guess the exact number of rings in a rattle-snake's tail. The Parisian newspaper *Le Figaro* has an expert who, listening closely to the rattling of the French party, has accurately forecast such moves as Leader Maurice Thorez' summons to Moscow in 1950 and the recent purging of oldtime militants Marty and Tillon. Last week *Le Figaro's* expert, who signs himself "XXX," predicted that the next man marked for Communist oblivion is pudgy, acting Party Secretary General Jacques Duclos, who was once so powerful that, by writing an article in a French Communist magazine, he had Earl Browder kicked out of Communist leadership in the U.S.

Hard-Working Constable

In the little Gironde town of Cenon, where Communists are particularly strong, Town Constable Charles Magne reported to the mayor one day: "*Monsieur le Maire*, I have the honor to inform you that disorderly elements have been busy last night defacing our fair city with unsightly inscriptions." Sure enough, the decent walls of Cenon were plastered with such discourteous signs as "U.S. Go Home" and "Ridgway—Assassin." Said Mayor René Cassagne: "I hereby order you to take a bucket of whitewash and efface these inscriptions." Constable Magne blotted out the signs—but next morning there were more of them.

The game went on, signs by night, whitewash by day, until one evening a couple of gendarmes guarding the railroad bridge challenged a shadowy figure, gave chase, and ran him down. It was Town Constable Magne. Said he with quick resourcefulness: "I have a rendezvous with a lady. As a man of honor I cannot divulge her name." But Gallic chivalry could not conceal the paintbrush and paint bucket Magne was holding. Charged with being a whitewashing police officer by day and a paint-slapping Communist by night, Constable Magne was fired last week.



SHISHEKLY & NAGUIB IN EL-AZHAR MOSQUE

A jihad isn't what it used to be.

American votes, the Arab bloc defeated the Israeli motion.

¶ West Germany's agreement to pay Israel some \$800 million for Hitler's crimes against the Jews, a payment which the Arabs say is the result of U.S. pressure on Bonn.

¶ Lack of real U.S. help for Naguib despite a spate of kind words.

But most infuriating of all to the Arabs was the fact that, when chips were down in the U.N., the U.S. and Britain sided with France and against the North African nationalists. Emboldened by its victory, Paris locked up the remaining nationalist leaders in Tunis and Morocco, then put the squeeze on the reluctant Bey of Tunis.

Ungrateful Stooge. The French have no patience with the nationalist pretensions of 71-year-old Sidi Mohammed el-Amin. Unlike the Sultan of Morocco, who is a genuine descendant of the Prophet,

Powder of Death

Bonny, bouncing François Lejeune, six months old, was one of those babies whose pink bottoms are easily irritated. Like many other French mothers, Mrs. Lejeune sprinkled the tender parts with Baumol baby powder. But instead of getting better, tiny François got redder, ran a fever and cried incessantly. The doctor said it was 1) colic, 2) teething, 3) over-sensitive skin. Mrs. Lejeune rocked the baby, carried him about, bathed him and dusted him with Baumol. But one day poor François' skin burst out into big abscesses. Rushed to the hospital, he was given oxygen, but died a few hours later. The doctors thought the cause of death was meningitis; then they decided it was septicemia. They had no idea what had caused the violent skin eruptions.

In the next six months, the doctors had plenty of opportunity to study the illness. In the wine-growing villages around Bordeaux and farther north in the fishing and farming villages of Brittany, there were scores of sick, red-rashed babies. Some, like little François, died. The doctors, casting around for a cause of the illness, advised mothers to stop using this or that medication. But it was pure luck that finally pointed to the cause. Three Breton doctors with a dozen sick babies on their hands noted that all the babies had been treated with Baumol. They reported their suspicions to the ministry of health, which visited the Baumol makers, the respected Daney Laboratory in Bordeaux. Samples of Baumol taken from the factory, when analysed by the ministry, proved to be harmless. But the Brittany doctors had spread the word about Baumol far & wide. A village retailer, afraid to sell any more of the stuff, returned a shipment to the manufacturers. A sample was analysed and found to contain a deadly poison, arsenic acid anhydride.

The alarm went out all over France. Police began confiscating retail stocks, while local constables in remote hamlets rolled their drums to bring out the villagers, then solemnly read them a warning about Baumol. Jacques Cazenave, 52, director of the Daney Laboratory and father of two children, was arrested and charged with manslaughter. His explanation: One of his drug suppliers must have sent him arsenic acid anhydride instead of zinc oxide. But the next question on many lips was: how many babies in the eleven months since the death of François Lejeune had been hurt by the poisoned Baumol? Press estimates put the number of dead at 50, the seriously ill at 100.

YUGOSLAVIA

The Guest of Dishonor

The first to raise a clamor about Marshal Tito's proposed state visit to London next March was Novelist Evelyn Waugh. As a Roman Catholic and a British officer who served with Tito's partisans in World War II, Waugh felt outraged. "OUR GUEST OF DISHONOR" was the headline

over his protest in Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*.

"Do [politicians] really suppose," asked Waugh, "that Tito, who has betrayed in turn King, friends and finally his one consistent loyalty to Stalin, will prove a trustworthy friend to them? . . . Tito is seeking to extirpate Christianity in Yugoslavia . . . Mr. Eden would not invite the country to feast and flatter a notorious Jew-baiter. Only when Christianity is at stake do our leaders show bland indifference."

Roman Catholic Archbishop Donald Alphonsus Campbell of Glasgow called Tito a "modern Nero," and Bishop John Carmel Heenan of Leeds threatened Tito with "a warm reception in this country." At this point, Britain's leading Roman Catholic, Bernard Cardinal Griffin, spoke up in a quieter voice. "To say that we find



Vogt-Hansen—Black Star

TITO

A Nero is not entirely welcome.

it difficult to understand why this invitation was extended is an understatement." But Anthony Eden, said the cardinal, "need not fear that his visitor will suffer discourtesy, let alone violence, at our hands." The *Economist* insisted that "the majority of British people are curious to see the man who stood up against Stalin, who fought a good fight against the Germans . . . It would be a pity if Roman Catholics in this country found themselves shoulder to shoulder with Communists in demonstrations against his visit."

But the *Economist* proclaimed its majority perhaps a little too quickly. Last week the Archbishop of Canterbury, religious head of the Anglican Church, described Tito's government as "vocally anti-religious," declared that all Christians are "bitterly aware of the sufferings" in Yugoslavia, and trusted that Eden would tell his guest how "very strong and very widespread" this feeling was.

All of this put Tito into a terrible pout.

Speaking at the little railroad manufacturing town of Smederevska Palanka, he challenged the West: "Do you want Yugoslavia as an ally or not?" It has "the strongest army in Western Europe," he said, but "if they don't want us for allies, we have another outcome." What this outcome was, except to sit on his hands, Tito did not say.

Next day Tito's Foreign Office summoned the Vatican chargé d'affaires in Belgrade and formally broke off diplomatic relations with the papacy. Tito was mad at the Vatican for conferring the Cardinal's red hat on his arch enemy, Archbishop Aloisius Stepinac, who served five years in a Tito jail and is now restricted to his home village.

As for all that fuss in Britain, said Tito, if more than 50% of Britons do not want him, he will not come, no matter how much he wants to improve relations.

TANGIER

Nylon Sid & the Jolly Roger

The location was the Barbary Coast Technicolor to perfection in the mid-winter sunshine; the set was a makeshift courtroom in the ancient Moorish palace that houses the U.S. consulate in torrid Tangier. On trial was Tangier's No. 1 manufacturer of nylons and lingerie: dapper Sidney Paley, 32, a spunky ex-G.I. from New Jersey known to his intimates as Nylon Sid. The charge: plotting piracy on the high seas.

From a procession of multilingual witnesses came the story of how an 80-ton privateer (the ex-British Admiralty launch *Esme*) rammed the Dutch ship *Combinatie* one night in October and hijacked its cargo of \$700,000 worth of U.S. cigarettes (*TIME*, Nov. 24). Masked and heavily armed, the pirates sailed their prize to a cove "somewhere in Corsica." There, they unloaded their booty, and abandoned the *Combinatie* a few miles offshore, leaving its crew locked below decks.

The leader of the pirates, said the prosecution, was one Elliot Burt Forrest, 29, Bronx-born operator of a Tangier nightclub and now a fugitive from justice. But the brains behind the exploit was Nylon Sid, who was lurking in Marseille waiting to dispose of the loot when the *Esme's* crew was captured. Spanish cops nabbed Nylon Sid when he skipped to Madrid; last week he faced trial before a U.S. consular court in the internationalized port of Tangier.

Nylon Sid insisted that he and Forrest had chartered the *Esme* to do a "salvage job" off Malta; anything else that happened was all Forrest's doing because Nylon Sid wasn't there. Besides, said his lawyer, "this is the season of 'Peace on earth, good will to all men.'" U.S. Consular Judge Milton J. Helmick was unmoved; he found Nylon Sid guilty and sentenced him to three years in prison. Nylon Sid would be allowed out on appeal, said the judge, if he would put up as bail \$70,000 and his cream-colored Cadillac.

GREAT BRITAIN

"I Didn't Really Do Owt"

On a quiet, lazy Sunday morning last October, Jack Bamford, a boy apprentice miner, was awakened in the Bamford cottage in Newthorpe, near Nottingham, by the acrid smell of wood smoke. He roused his dad, who is a miner. They ran downstairs into a roaring fire at the foot of the stairway, and together rescued Mrs. Bamford and three of the children. Then they remembered Brian, 6, and Roy, 4. They were trapped in Jack's back bedroom; and the second floor was in flames. Father wrapped himself in a blanket and tried to rush upstairs, but fell back before the heat.

Young Jack took over. "Be ready to catch them," he yelled to his father. "I'll see if I can crawl through," and he



JACK BAMFORD & MOTHER
"Her Majesty has been pleased . . ."

©London Daily Herald

charged up the stairs. On hands and knees he groped his way into the bedroom. He picked up the two boys and tossed the younger out the window into his father's arms below. But as he did so, Brian wriggled away, and ran back toward the flames. His shirt blazing, his shoulders and arms already burned, Jack took after Brian, caught him, carried him to the window and dropped him to safety. Jack put one leg over the windowsill, ready to get out himself, but fainted and, unconscious, tumbled into his father's arms.

Last week, as he lay in a Nottingham hospital, Jack got a crested letter which began: "Her Majesty has been pleased to award you the George Cross."

At 15, the apprentice coal miner was the 165th—and youngest—recipient of the silver medal, Britain's highest honor for noncombatant bravery. "I think it's a bit daft," said Jack. "I didn't really do owt [anything]."

INDIA

Fast & Win

Mahatma Mohandas Gandhi, a durable ascetic himself, was so impressed with disciple Potti Sriramulu's ability to do without food (29 days on one occasion) that he once said: "If only I have eleven more followers like Sriramulu I will win freedom [from British rule] in a year." Last week Potti Sriramulu, in a record fast, won autonomy, within the Indian constitution, for 22 million Telugu-speaking people. It was not all that he wanted, but it cost him his life.

Holyman Sriramulu made his fast in Madras city, and the objective was to force Prime Minister Nehru to carve a slice out of Madras state, to be called Andhra, where the Telugu could develop their own culture. Three years ago, a sep-

ciple, Nehru knows the political value of a prolonged fast, but unlike the British, who eventually quavered under Gandhi's persistence, Nehru stood firm. On Sriramulu's 52nd day, Nehru warned: "This method of fasting to achieve administrative or political changes will [put] an end to democratic government."

Six days later, Sriramulu came to the crisis. His eyes were sunken, his skin a ghastly pallor, and he was hiccupping continuously. His throat was so inflamed he was unable to swallow water and he vomited blood. One of the doctors at his bedside suggested that it was time to end the fast. Sriramulu had lost the power of speech, but he lifted his hand, slowly and unsteadily placed a finger on his lips in refusal. A few hours later he was dead.⁸

His followers bather his body, tied a white loincloth around his waist and a towel around his shoulders, and placed him on a wooden pedestal in a sitting position, with legs crossed. Rose, jasmine and chrysanthemum garlands were hung around his neck. Camphor and incense were burned. Devotees recited prayers and a chant, composed by Gandhi, imploring God to grant wisdom to all. Hundreds came from all parts of Madras city, filed past the body of the man they now regarded as a martyr.

Emotional Wave. In the afternoon the body, seated in a chair on a four-wheel cart, was drawn through the streets by Telugu schoolboys waving lengths of black silk, beating their chests and crying. "Madras city is ours." At the crematorium, the frail body was washed in rose water and burned on a pile of sandalwood while Hindu priests recited the funeral service and Telugu politicians thundered to the mourning mob that they would never give up Madras city.

The Communists hailed Sriramulu's "supreme sacrifice," accused Nehru of "deliberate delay in [forming] Andhra state." When the All-India Parliament refused to stand up in homage to Sriramulu's memory, the Communist members walked out. A wave of hysterical emotion swept Andhra territory. Students, youths and workers, led by Communists, attacked Indian government property, cut telegraph wires, damaged railroads, burned rail cars and stoned fire engines, looted railroad restaurants, hoisted black flags of mourning over government buildings. Police, firing on rioters, killed seven and wounded forty. A 13-year-old boy attempted to halt a moving bus by standing in its path, and was run over and killed.

At week's end Prime Minister Nehru, responding perhaps as much to the violence as to Sriramulu's non-violence, announced that his government had decided to establish Andhra state. But he still refused to include Madras city. To that extent, Potti Sriramulu of Madras city had died in vain.

Hungry Crows. Day after day, Sriramulu lay on a charpoy (stringed cot) on the veranda of his bungalow in Madras, where the raucous cries of hungry crows mingle with the whine of pariah dogs and the screech of ancient street cars. While Sriramulu lost weight, Andhra lobbyists tried to convince Nehru. As Gandhi's dis-

⁸ Only once before in modern Indian history has a hunger striker died: in 1920, Jyotin Das, an Indian revolutionary protesting against British jail treatment, perished after 65 days without food.

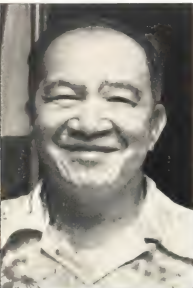
THE PHILIPPINES

Anomalies

Filipinos have a euphemism which they apply these days to corrupt practices, whether of the minor variety, as in the recent stuffing of a beauty-contest ballot box, or of the grand public crookedness which too often prevails in the islands. The word is "anomalies." It first began to be used after the war, to refer to deals in surplus war stocks. The government has even set up a special "anomalies tribunal" to try offenders. What the plain people would rather have is government free of anomalies.

Although the next presidential election is eleven months away, Filipinos have already begun to fear election anomalies—fraud, intimidation, bloodshed, and perhaps even civil war. In fact, the stakes are so high and the conflict so bitter between the incumbent Liberals under President Elpidio Quirino and the *Nacionalistas* under Senator José Laurel that some observers talk darkly of the danger of a *coup d'état* before election day. From *TIME*'s Far East Correspondent Robert Neville this week came a report on the situation:

So intense is the rivalry between Quirino and Laurel, the logical opponents, that Filipinos fear the country will suffer a repetition of the intimidation and general bloodshed which accompanied Quirino's victory in 1949. In that election, armed soldiers herded voters to the polls, and even the birds, bees and trees were "voted." José Laurel, openly predicting violence, came out recently with a dramatic proposal for forestalling it: For the good of the Philippines, he suggested, both he and Quirino should (1) renounce their ambitions to the Presidency, and (2) agree to support popular Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay, 45, who has ably curbed the Huk menace (*TIME*, Nov. 26, 1951).



JOSÉ LAUREL
Intense rivalry.

A deeply religious man who was educated at Yale, Laurel has a name that seems to be magic to the Filipinos. They refuse to take seriously the charges of anti-Americanism and collaborationism which grew out of his 18 months as puppet President under the Japanese occupation. Laurel has repeatedly explained that his actions were inspired by General MacArthur, who sent word that he wanted him to stay behind to assuage the suffering of the Filipinos under the Japanese. Laurel has gone into detail in his memoirs but now refuses to publish them, because "I'm afraid I was too bitter when I wrote them." Laurel has spent 41 of his 61 years in public life. His party has control of the Senate, but he insists that he has no ambition to be President. "The happy man is he who has enough," he said recently. "I am not in love with money or power."



RAMON MAGSAYSAY
Embarrassing praise.

His great overriding purpose seems to be to rid the Philippines of Quirino. He and his followers believe that Quirino cannot possibly win again in a clean election.

"Very Unkind." Suave Elpidio Quirino apparently has no intention of stepping down to make way for Magsaysay. "Doctor Laurel," he said sneeringly of Laurel's proposition, "always presumes that I will commit fraud. Very unkind of him." Quirino obviously wants to vindicate himself and his administration at the polls. Some of his followers in outlying provinces have been anything but upright, and must, indeed, regard with great fear the prospect of a change in administration after which they would probably be investigated and would possibly be jailed. A master political strategist, Quirino is busily playing up Laurel's alleged anti-Americanism among the Filipinos, who still feel a tie of sentiment to the U.S. and a reliance on U.S. aid.

To Ramon Magsaysay, an appointee of



HORACIO BRISTOL—East-West
PRESIDENT QUIRINO
Unkind presumption.

Quirino and a member of the President's Liberal Party, praise for Quirino's deadliest political enemy is already proving embarrassing, and it may ultimately prove to be dangerous. A man of great energy and ability and of indisputable honesty, Magsaysay is normally ambitious, and would, in usual circumstances, aspire to direct the destiny of his country. Already Magsaysay finds jealousy and suspicious scowls on the faces of his Liberal Party colleagues at presidential cabinet meetings, and some have taken to cutting him dead. Quirino recognizes the folly of seeming to sabotage so popular a national hero. Recently he made a great show of amiable conferences with Magsaysay aboard the presidential yacht.

But behind the scenes there has been high-level tampering with the army, in which Magsaysay has not been consulted, and Quirino's so-called "inner cabinet," which does not include the Defense Secretary, has reportedly been talking about imposing martial law and jailing the political opposition on charges of dealing with the Communists. There are many here who fear that neither the ideal of democratic elections nor the life of Ramon Magsaysay can be considered safe under such circumstances. There may be more anomalies, and serious ones, in the offing for the Philippines.

ITALY

Reef on the Reef

The lashing rain-heavy southwest wind which the Italians call *libeccio* roared down on the U.S. refrigerator ship *Gronmet Reefer* one night last week outside the crammed seaport of Leghorn. In the raging seas, the ship's engines were powerless as eggbeaters. Within minutes, the *Gronmet Reefer* was hung up on a reef only 150 yards from shore.

Coolly the ship's captain, a rugged

Brooklyn named Henry P. Saukant, ordered the watertight doors secured, and jettisoned oil and fresh water to lighten ship. Then he turned over his engines again in a futile hope of pulling clear. Within half an hour, the 3,800-tonner began to buckle amidships; minutes later, when all 39 crewmen had made their way to the stern, the *Grommet Reefer* tore in half as if broken over a giant's knee. From her holds spewed turkeys, fish, meat, beer and other supplies bound for the Christmas meals of U.S. troops in Austria.

All night long, in the stern, the blue-jackets hung on as best they could. Next day, a hastily assembled crowd of Americans and Italians ashore set to work with what equipment they could scrounge or improvise, and urgent S O S's were radioed to the U.S. carriers *Midway* and *Leyte*, bucking the heavy winds some 150 miles away. Through a second tense night and most of a second day, rescuers managed to get a few of the crew ashore by breeches buoy. A dozen others plunged into the sea, to be fished out by a crazily weaving Italian rescue launch. By mid-afternoon, with 15 bluejackets still aboard, the stern half of the *Grommet Reefer* was lurching dangerously.

Suddenly, thousands of Italians lining the shore let up a roar and pointed seaward. Out of the horizon sped the *Leyte* and the *Midway*. Well off the port, they dispatched four helicopters, and within minutes they were hovering over the *Grommet Reefer*; one by one, the survivors were plucked off to the resounding applause of the onlookers and set ashore. By nightfall, the 37-hour ordeal was over, and the happy crew was giving a banquet for Captain Saukant, last man off the broken *Reefer*, and in many a Leghorn household that night, Italians feasted happily on American turkeys, which tasted a little of diesel oil and salt water.

GERMANY

The Little Spinner

Mindful of the way the Germans covertly armed for war during the Versailles Treaty days, the victorious Allies of World War II prohibited Germans from operation of "aircraft of all types, including kites, captive balloons . . ." This was hard on the likes of Willy Weihrach, who has enough trouble bucking the laws of nature without defying the laws of man.

Willy, a nimble-fingered radio mechanic in the Ruhr town of Neuss, had dreamed since he was twelve of inventing a new flying machine. By wartime he had worked out plans for a parachute which would operate on the helicopter principle. The Gestapo interrupted these labors, carting Willy off to a forced-labor camp; because he was a conscientious objector. But in searching his house afterwards, they discovered and were fascinated by Willy's plans. With magnificent artfulness, they conceived a simple test of Willy's device: they strapped Willy's parachute on his own back, took him

7,000 ft. up in a fighter plane and pitched him over the side. At first Willy shot up instead of down, but then his parachute rotors deposited Willy on the ground like a duck feather on the bedroom carpet.

Spinning Passenger. It was this experience which inspired Willy to tack a motor on his rucksack parachute and turn it into a strap-on-the-back flying machine. It was not an entirely new idea. One devised by the *Heilmacht*, for example, worked nicely, except that it spun the passenger almost as fast as it spun its rotors, depositing the dizzy victim on the ground in no fit condition to fight for *der Führer*. Willy devoted most of his post-war resources to exterminating such bugs:



WILLY WEIHRACH
At 7,000 ft., a single test.

he sold his house and car, hocked his radio shop.

Finally this summer Willy Weihrach produced a working specimen of his beloved *Der Roterer* (Little Spinner), weighing 87 lbs. and powered by a two-cylinder, 14-h.p. engine. Behind cousin Johannes' cinema in Neuss and before a select gathering of neighbors, he set the blades to rotating, poised lightly on his toes and took off. At 10 ft. he crashed into a wall. Both man and machine needed repairs after that. This month the Little Spinner was ready for the air once more, and Willy persuaded a Swiss friend to take it on its second flight. At 18 ft. the friend got panicky, gave the Little Spinner too much gas and stripped the rotor gears.

Flying Visit. The crash ruined the machine, but it made Willy famous. A German newsmagazine posed Willy and his

defunct machine on a coal pile and took a picture at night to give the impression that he was airborne. Several promoters and at least two foreign governments. Willy reported, wanted to see his designs. Trouble was, it also brought Willy into view of the authorities. Last week British occupation authorities descended on cousin Johannes' place and began a solemn investigation of Willy's goings-on. Willy ruefully put what little money he had left into the hiring of a lawyer.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Stronger Than Truth Itself

Since Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, the Western world has been able to understand, however dimly, the motives that make loyal Communists confess crimes they did not commit. Since the trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and Robert A. Voecker, the Western world has also come to realize that relentless and refined pressure on body & mind can make the firmest anti-Communist admit to outlandish offenses. What still remains puzzling is why Communist trials, so carefully stage-managed as spectacles, can be so blatantly inept as to strain the credulity of a high-school boy. Did the Communists really expect the Czechoslovaks to believe the absurd conspiracies confessed so abjectly at the recent Slansky trial?

Pondering these matters, Raymond Aron, a former philosophy professor who has become one of France's leading high-brow political commentators, wrote in the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*: "It was not necessary to have a trial in order to rouse the passions of anti-Semitism, and as an instrument of government, a trial is singularly inefficient. Either the masses believe in the truth of the confessions—and in that case, what must they think of a party ruled by spies for so long?—or else they do not believe in it, but then the purpose attributed to the trials by Western commentators is not achieved."

These "ceremonies of self-accusation," Aron believes, can only be understood as "religious rites, rather than instruments of a rational method . . . The goal is to manifest the absolute nature of the supreme power by forcing millions of men to act and talk as if they took absurdities to be the truth . . . All religions tend to impose upon the faithful the image of a world which is more true than the world of the senses. In Stalinism, that world is simply the interpretation which the party gives to events, an interpretation which is never definitely fixed. By confessing crimes which they have not committed, disgraced officials help create this super-reality, of which the party is supreme master. The method will be applied to all enslaved countries so that it shall be understood finally that no one opposes the party."

"The faith which the trials are intended to spread has for its object neither the testimony of the victims nor the doctrine of the masters, but the omnipotence of a party which must [be made to] seem stronger than truth itself."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Mamaroneck Plot

From mouth to mouth in Havana last week the word was passed: Christmas Eve was H-hour for the newest plot to unseat Strong Man Fulgencio Batista. Sailors patrolling the waterfront armed themselves with machine guns, the National Police stepped up its incessant searching of passing cars. But it took a small-town cop in Westchester County, N.Y. to blow the whistle on the plot.

As chief of police in the Westchester village of Mamaroneck (pop. 8,850), Louis Giancola had grown curious about the new board shutters over the windows of an unused gas station on the heavily traveled Boston Post Road. Leading a raid one afternoon last week, Giancola found that the building had been turned into a bristling arms dump: 1,000 rifle grenades, 1,000 bazooka shells, cases of rifle ammunition, napalm powder for making jellied gasoline, 900 parachute grenades with the chutes removed and napalm inserted. The chief was still staring in surprise when a 1953 Packard drove up, bearing Manhattan Arms Merchant Alfred Manheim, 20.

Manheim quickly spilled his story. Last summer, he said, he had met a Cuban named José Duarte. The Cuban, Manheim went on, placed orders to buy arms for the account of Carlos Prio Socarrás, whom Batista booted out of the Cuban presidency last March. Duarte turned over \$15,500 for expenses and a \$24,000 letter of credit. Manheim told police that he reported the deal to the U.S. State Department, and was instructed to "play along" until the plot was ripe. Over the months, he bought the surplus U.S. Army matériel and rented the gas station, only a grenade's throw from Mamaroneck Harbor.

The cops arrested Duarte, 35, who identified himself as one of three Cubans robbed last October at Fort Worth of \$240,000 which they said Prio had given them to buy arms. Duarte, Manheim and two alleged accomplices were booked for illegal possession of bombs. In Miami, Prio denied any connection with the arms dump or the plot. In Havana, Batista arrested ten retired naval officers for questioning.

COLOMBIA

Underground Cathedral

The great salt mountain of Zipaquirá, 11 miles north of Bogotá, has been mined for 400 years and still looks good for 1,000 more. On working days, the mine is a clangorous labyrinth where dynamite blasts are fired, power shovels snort, trucks rumble along black, glittering galleries as high as five-story houses. This week the mine was silent as the miners observed the

holidays. But on Christmas Eve, they would troop back to the hillside entrances with their families, and plod 2,600 ft. down into the mountain. There, for the first time, they were to hear Father Luis Posada, mine chaplain, say Midnight Mass in the great underground church, only one of its kind in the world, which the miners carved out of solid salt rock.

The natural development of the mine formed most of the church. Over the years, three narrow tunnels, 70 ft. high, were driven parallel to each other for 500 ft. Eight short cross-tunnels of the same height were then driven at right angles to the main shafts. The result: a central nave lined with two rows of eight huge columns, and flanked by an aisle on each side. The



ZIPAQUIRÁ'S SALT-MINE CHURCH
Faith carved a mountain.

Foto Tel.

vaulted appearance, where the arched tunnels crossed, readily suggested a cathedral to many visitors. The idea took hold, and three years ago the Bank of the Republic, which operates the Zipaquirá mines, assigned Architect José María González Concha to finish part of the galleries as a church.

González did not try to convert his rough-walled cavern into a conventional church interior. At the inner end of the parallel tunnels, where the final cross-shaft formed an end wall, he mined out an apse—a rounded cave in line with the nave. He paved the innermost 150 ft. of the nave and aisles, wainscoted the wall and pillars in brick or limestone.

From the nave, González built steps to the altar, a massive table of bricks. High in the apse, stark against the black salt, he set a 10-ft. cross made of thick, wooden poles. Last week, in preparation for the Christmas service, the miners were putting a finishing touch on their church: a 2,200-ft. tunnel to the mountain slope, which will provide a reassuring pinpoint of daylight for nervous visitors.

VENEZUELA

How to Get a Quorum

After the first two days' returns in the November election showed the opposition Democratic Republican Union (U.R.D.) far in front, Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez brazenly ordered a "more correct" count. Last week he was able to announce that his official party had won a sweeping majority in the new constituent assembly. Only one electoral problem remained in the way of his expected election as President by the assembly next month, and the colonel dealt firmly with that.

So many seats, especially in Caracas, had been certified to the U.R.D. and COPEI opposition parties in the two days

of free vote-counting that the boss's majority fell short of the two-thirds needed to assure a quorum for assembly business. The dictator took characteristic action to make sure that members of the parties from which he had snatched victory would not boycott the new assembly.

U.R.D. Chief Jovito Villalba and five colleagues were summoned to the office of Pérez Jiménez' Minister of Government. After a two-hour session during which Villalba stoutly refused to commit U.R.D. assembly members against a boycott until after a party convention in January, secret police seized the six men at the minister's door, held them incommunicado overnight, and next morning shipped them by government plane to Panama. Handed their passports in mid-air by the pilot, the U.R.D. leaders were dumped at Panama without money, a change of clothes or even their toothbrushes. Protesting this "fascist stratagem," Villalba bitterly refused to predict that U.R.D. assembly members left in Venezuela would dare stand up to Pérez Jiménez after such a show of force.

* In its natural state, the 99.99% pure salt is discolored by slate.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

On her first trip away from Hollywood in more than ten years, oldtime Cinemas-tress **Marion Davies** arrived in Richmond, Va., with her husband Horace Brown to meet his family. One of the points of interest was the First Precinct station, former headquarters for Brown when he pounded a beat on the Richmond force back in the early 1930s. Dressed in diamonds and a brand new, \$15,000 mink coat (her old sable wrap, said Brown, was just too heavy "for my little pixie to carry around"), Marion went on a tour of the lockup. At the sight of some 30 small-time crooks and drunks sleeping it off, the Christmas spirit struck. Marion offered to foot the fines for all concerned and empty the jail. The magistrate explained that such wholesale amnesty was impossible. However, he pointed to two regular customers who were sober enough to be released if their fines were paid. Marion paid off (\$14.75 apiece), added a couple of dollars for pocket money, and threw in her autograph for one of the men, who said he would need it as proof among his friends that the story of his release was not just a spirited illusion.

At the finish of the 17-nation Western Hemisphere Labor Union Conference in Rio de Janeiro, the delegates were invited to the Cattete Palace to meet President **Getulio Vargas**. After waiting two hours and 30 minutes in a palace anteroom, Delegate **John L. Lewis** grumbled: "I never even kept a coal operator waiting more than two hours." At the meeting a few moments later, Vargas said to Lewis: "You look exactly like your pictures and cartoons." Replied Lewis: "Well, you look

just like your pictures. I'd know you anywhere." The exchange ended when Vargas added, "They tell me you like cigars, too," and handed Lewis a long, expensive Bahia Charuto.

In Manhattan, Writer **Mickey Spillane** announced that he had sold the movie rights to his eight blood & gutsy thrillers for \$250,000.

At the R.A.F. base at White Waltham, the **Duke of Edinburgh**, after a month of training, made his first solo flight.

In Cairo, the private fleet of 80 cars (including a 1930 black Packard fitted with a double bed) which exiled **Farouk** was forced to leave behind were put up



LINDA SUSAN AGAR
Boggled by an angel.

for public sale. In London, a collector paid \$29,40 for the custom-built, armored Mercedes-Benz which belonged to the late **Hermann Göring**.

The Honeywell school near Washington found, with surprise, that there was a Page One news story in the Christmas pantomime produced by its kindergarten class. One of the Christmas angels was Linda Susan Agar, four-year-old daughter of **Shirley Temple**. Day after the play headlines announced that Shirley Temple's daughter had made her "stage debut," Shirley, who started making movies at three-and-a-half, huffily withdrew Susan from the school which, she charged was "trying to commercialize on me or my daughter." Said the bewildered headmaster: "I am completely baffled."

In Manhattan, it was announced that **Dr. Selman A. Waksman**, winner of the 1952 Nobel prize for medicine, had estab-



OVETA CULP HOBBY
Honors for a bow.

lished a fellowship in microbiology at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovoth, Israel in memory of the late President **Chaim Weizmann**.

On Governor's Island in New York Harbor, the Army's senior cavalryman, Lieut. General **Willis D. Crittenger**, 62, retiring as commander of the First Army, reviewed his last honor guard, enjoyed a ticker parade up Broadway to a City Hall reception, then headed west for a family Christmas with his son at Fort Sam Houston, where the general first reported for duty with the old 3rd Cavalry in August 1913.

The New York Dress Institute's annual list of the world's ten best-dressed women was increased to twelve this year, because heavy balloting for two newcomers resulted in a tie for eleventh place. The newcomers: **Mamie Eisenhower** and **Oveta Culp Hobby**, recently appointed boss of the Federal Security Agency in the Eisenhower Cabinet. No. 1 on the list for the tenth year: the **Duchess of Windsor**.

Over Marignane, France, **Mrs. Jacqueline Auriol**, daughter-in-law of France's President Auriol, piloted a jet Mistral 76 to a new women's world speed record of 534.92 m.p.h., bettering her own former record of 508.09 m.p.h., set last year.

With an announcement in Paris, the **Duke of Windsor** put an end to speculation which has kept protocol experts worrying: although he may be in London at the time, neither he nor the Duchess of Windsor will attend the coronation next June. Reason: "It would not be in accordance with constitutional usage for the coronation of a King or Queen of England to be attended by the sovereign or former sovereign of any state."



L.R. Everman—LIFE
MARION DAVIES
Pocket money from a pixie.



The vegetables that couldn't keep cool

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The "basket" that performs this magic is a Continental can.

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Four-Minute Mile

The dream of a four-minute mile, once considered a physical impossibility seemed a lot closer to reality last week. An Australian agricultural student named John Landy, who had never beaten 4:10 in his life, suddenly raced through the most sparkling mile performance since Gunder ("The Wonder") Haag's world record of 4:01.4 in 1945.

Running on a Melbourne track dead-



MILER LANDY
Five yards to go.

Associated Press

ened by heavy rain, and staying in an outside lane to avoid the worst of the puddles, Landy reeled off quarters of 59.2, 61.8, 62.0 and 59.1. His time, after running an estimated ten yards extra: 4:02.1, the second-best time ever recorded. That extra ten yards brought Landy to within five yards of the four-minute performance.

An amateur entomologist who developed his leg muscles chasing specimens, Landy took to running in earnest only three years ago. In 1950 he was still trying to break 4:30, and his best time last season was 4:21. He was one of the last runners chosen as a member of the Australian Olympic team and one of the first to be shut out of the 1,500-meter heats at the Olympics. But as a side-lined observer, Miler Landy took due note of the peculiar running style of Czechoslovakia's famed triple Olympic titleholder Emil Zatopek (TIME, Nov. 3). He also picked up a few training tips from Zatopek.

Back in Australia, Landy stepped up his training to 40 miles a week (some of it run at midnight after finishing his studies)

and varied his jogging routine with plenty of 440-yd. sprints. He also copied Zatopek's high-arm action and Zatopek's method of running part of a race on his heels rather than on the balls of his feet, a technique designed to rest a distance runner's thigh muscles. But despite his progress (a 4:11 mile this season), it took the most persuasive efforts of his track coach to convince Landy that he had a real chance for the record.

Still young (22) by middle-distance standards, Landy wants "to break Haag's record this season" (i.e., right away, since it is springtime in Australia), now thinks he may do it if he can find someone to pace a well-judged first half-mile. The reason for his hurry: "The boys in Europe are getting close to it now, and they're almost certain to crack four minutes during their next track season."

A Perfectionist Retires

As an up & coming amateur boxer (85 straight victories), Sugar Ray Robinson firmly resolved: "They'll never hold a benefit for me." He pursued the dollar with the same single-mindedness that brought him two world championships—the welterweight (147 lbs.) and middleweight (160 lbs.) titles—and carried him through 137 professional fights with only three defeats. By last week, worth an estimated \$300,000 from shrewd investments (real estate, a bar, a dry-cleaning establishment), he knew that the time had come to quit. Said Sugar Ray, in a flowery farewell to the ring: "I do not feel I can any longer give the public my best as they have come to recognize it, and I know better than anyone else how good I am and what are my limitations."

During his 12-year career, Robinson had few, if any, limitations as a fighting machine. His lightning left was as hard-hitting as his right, his footwork as fancy as a ballet dancer's, his defensive skill so impenetrable that he was never once knocked out. By any odds, he was the best fighter, pound for pound, of his day.

But his very perfection long kept him from popularity. Not until he was close to the end of his career did he fire the imagination of the fans, who always like a slugger better than a boxing perfectionist. Beaten once on points by Jake LaMotta (in the second of their six matches), Robinson lost his second bout and his middleweight championship to Britain's Randy Turpin in 1951. Some 60,000 turned up at the Polo Grounds for the rematch, the first really big gate Robinson ever attracted. Battered and bleeding, his timing way off, Robinson made a dramatic tenth-round comeback and knocked Turpin out. Robinson's last ambition then was to win the light-heavyweight (175 lbs.) title from Joey Maxim (see below). Spotting his opponent 15 lbs., Robinson, 32, had the title all but won when he was felled by heat prostration last September.

Robinson is confident that "I could

still cope with whatever competition might arise." But he knows that "I can't move in the ring with the same speed, dispatch and accuracy. My instinct used to guide my hands and feet. Now, the coordination isn't there any more. . . . I want to step out while my health is good, my judgment and balance unimpaired, and my sense of proportion unmarred."

And no one will ever have to hold a benefit for Sugar Ray. In the months before he finally made up his mind to retire, he had already moved into a new career in show business. His current salary as a tap dancer: a reported \$10,000 a week.



DANCER ROBINSON
\$300,000 ahead.

Richard Meek

Who Won

¶ The U.S. Davis Cup tennis team, the interzone final, over Italy, 5-0; at Sydney, Australia. Player-Captain Vic Seixas, far off form, took five sets to beat Italy's Fausto Gardini. Tony Trabert, on leave from the Navy and playing his first competitive match in five months, won both his singles matches with impressive ease. Trabert also teamed with Seixas—the first time the two had played together—to win the clinching doubles match.

¶ Archie Moore, long the "uncrowned king" of the light-heavyweights, the light-heavyweight title from Joey Maxim; in St. Louis. Next on the 36-year-old champion's agenda: a return match with Maxim and a return tour of Argentina,* where he was a popular favorite two years ago.

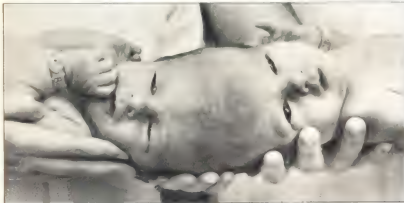
* Moore dedicated his victory to Argentine President Juan Perón, who promptly cabled "cordial felicitations" and a "warm and affectionate embrace."

Two Brains, One Vein

Each of the twin boys in Chicago's University of Illinois Hospital was as cute as a button. At 15 months they both had handsome, well-formed bodies, twinkling, dark blue eyes and bewitching smiles. They loved to play pat-a-cake, could say "Hi," "Mama," "Dada," and "Nite-nite." They had just learned to say "Frog" too, because mother & father had brought them each a rubber frog. Rodney Dee Brodie was a bit smaller than Roger Lee Brodie, so Rodney got more attention. This made Roger mad, and he showed it by swatting Rodney across the face or grabbing his

(They had already cut the bony part in two, leaving the twins joined only by flesh and skin.) In medical history they had found no cause for optimism: only two other sets of craniopagus (skull-joined) twins had been operated on, and none of the children lived.

For the climactic operation there was a medical team of 15. Neurosurgeon Oscar Sugar had four surgeons to help him with the heads while two others handled transfusions; there were two anesthetists, two pediatricians and four nurses. For nearly ten hours they worked, cutting a little here, retracting there, stitching and always transfusing. Rodney, the little one,



RODNEY DEE (LEFT) & ROGER LEE BRODIE
After twelve hours, side by side.

ear. Rodney hated this, and cried, but Roger laughed even while being scolded.

Except for a minor heart murmur, there was only one thing wrong with the Brodie twins from Moline: they were "Siamese," joined at the tops of their skulls, with their trunks, arms and legs pointing in opposite directions. Their mother, Mrs. Royt Brodie, wife of a farmer who works winters as a meatcutter, had had three normal children before the twins came. (Even then she had a normal pregnancy, and the first baby was born easily, feet first.) She had another baby, a normal girl, last month.

But ever since they were six weeks old, the twins had been in the hospital's Neuropsychiatric Institute while doctors studied the dreadfully complicated question: Should they try to separate the twins, to save them from a hideously unnatural life, knowing the risk that either or both might die in the attempt? The doctors calculated the risk as best they could, then decided that it must be taken to give the twins a chance to grow up as normal boys. The parents agreed.

Last week the surgeons were ready. They had already done a dozen operations and proved that the babies had separate brains and nervous systems, with no connecting arteries. But even with the most elaborate X-ray methods, there was no way for the doctors to know just what they would find when they opened the double skull.

stood the strain better; Roger was in shock three times.

Then the doctors learned the worst: each baby, to have a complete and independent circulatory system, should have had a big vein (unapically called a sagittal sinus) running fore & aft along the top of his brain to gather blood from smaller vessels and deliver it, through the jugular, back to the heart. The twins had only one. There was no way to divide it, no way to make another. One baby had to get it, and with it, a good chance to survive. The other must almost certainly perish. Little Rodney had the better chance to live, anyway, so the vein was his.

Wearily, the surgeons closed the tops of the little skulls with plastic and aluminum foil, and after more than twelve exhausting, nerve-racking hours, the operation was over. For the first time in their lives, Roger and Rodney lay side by side. Seeing them wheeled from the operating room in separate cribs, Farmer Brodie said in a choking voice: "It sure looks good to see them apart."

Rodney soon began to improve, and the doctors had high hopes that he would live to have a metal brainpan fitted in the top of his skull, and grow up. Roger fought for life, but was still in a coma this week.

In Mississippi, by rare coincidence, another pair of skull-joined twin boys was in the news. One of the four-month-old boys died suddenly; his twin died with-

in hours before surgeons could free him.

In Cleveland's Mount Sinai Hospital, twin girls were born with a band of cartilage joining them at the chest. Dr. Jac Geller cut the babies apart ("Really very simple," he said), and both were soon doing well in incubators. After such a superficial link, they have every chance of growing up to be normal women, and with hardly a scar to show for it.

Safer on Her Side

Doctors and midwives have long known that women nearing the end of pregnancy hate to lie flat on their backs—many complain that it makes them feel weak—but nobody knew why. There is good reason for the phenomenon. Dr. William F. Mengert of Southwestern Medical College reported last week. The heavy-laden uterus can press too hard on the big vessel (*vena cava*) carrying blood back to the heart, and thus cause a dangerous drop in blood pressure, or shock. Dr. Mengert hopes that his discovery will save such patients from needless operations, because the real remedy is so simple: turn the woman on her side.

For the Nation's Health

Ever since the first medicine men started to live high off the boar by ordering their patients to bring them the choicest cuts, ailing mankind has been worrying about how to pay the doctor. In the U.S. recently, attention has been concentrated on two rival methods (TIME, Feb. 20, 1950): compulsory national health insurance (favored by President Truman and Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing, "socialized medicine," to its opponents) and the present system of private payment to the doctor for each separate service he gives, with a limited exception for prepayment through voluntary insurance (favored by the A.M.A.).

Last week the U.S. was offered a middle way. The President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation recommended that the U.S.: 1) put the Truman-Ewing plan on ice, 2) go all out to extend voluntary insurance plans to tens of millions not now covered, 3) let federal and state governments pay the premiums for those who cannot afford to pay them, 4) dot the nation with up-to-date medical centers where doctors would practice in groups. The commission's plans would cost the Federal Government an estimated \$1 billion a year, on top of the \$1 billion it now spends for health.

To head the commission a year ago, Harry Truman got a topflight surgeon and medical administrator (in the VA), Chicago's Paul Budd Magnuson, who says: "I'm a Republican myself and always have been." The President let Magnuson pick the rest of the commission—14 representatives of medicine, dentistry, nursing, farmers, labor and consumers. And Magnuson now swears that nobody in the Administration "exerted the slightest bit of pressure on the commission."

Payments. The traditional system of paying the doctor and the hospital is breaking down, said the commission, because

the costs and complexities of medical care are increasing all the time. The solution proposed: prepayment through voluntary insurance plans. Many of those now operating are all right as far as they go, the commission believes, but they cover only about 15% of bills for medical care. They must, it believes, be extended to cover doctors' services both at home and in the office, and to cover some nursing services, dentistry for children, and costly drugs and appliances.

One trouble now, says the commission, is that doctors themselves have blocked some all-inclusive insurance plans that consumers want. And in several states there is a ban on plans sponsored by consumers. But the biggest obstacle to the growth of insurance plans is inability to pay. The main groups which the commission lists as unable to buy prepaid medical care are: those on relief, the blind, the aged, dependent children, the growing numbers now living largely on social security benefits, and those eking out a marginal living on small incomes. To provide for all these, the commission proposes:

¶ A cooperative federal-state program, each state to set up a single health authority responsible for developing health services, both public and private, and making them available to all.

¶ Use of social security funds to pay insurance premiums for those drawing old-age and survivors' benefits.

¶ Joint federal and state payments to meet premiums for those on relief or otherwise unable to pay their own way.

Personnel. After money, the biggest problem is personnel, the commission found. "From the big cities and from the forks of the creek," it reported, "the people asked for more physicians, nurses, dentists. . . . There are not enough general physicians, and most of those that we have are so busy that they cannot give the

patient the time and sympathetic care the old family doctor could give." Acute shortages were found in all specialties "with the possible exception of surgery."

Experts differed on how severe the doctor shortage would be by 1960. The commission could only conclude that then, with an estimated 171 million people, the U.S. will need from 22,000 to 45,000 more doctors. It proposed:

¶ Federal grants to schools of medicine, dentistry, nursing and public health, for modernizing and enlarging their plants.

¶ Similar grants to help the schools meet their budget deficits, with no interference in the running of the schools.

¶ Federal scholarships to help needy students through the costly medical course.

Research. The commission was shocked to find that the \$180 million spent in 1951 for medical research was "less than the amount spent on monuments and tombstones." In mental illness the picture is worse yet: the state and federal governments are spending \$1 billion a year on the mentally ill, but only \$6,000,000 on research into ways of cutting down this staggering tax burden. The commission's answer: spend more for research now, to save still more later.

Hospitals. The hospital outlook is bleak. Many rural areas have none. Mental and TB hospitals are hopelessly overcrowded. Almost as bad, says the commission, is the condition of obsolete hospitals. "It is difficult to practice good medicine in many of these run-down structures, and their weary air is a depressant to both patients and staff." Some should be modernized, others scrapped.

Using the standards already accepted by Congress—one general-hospital bed for every 250 population and one mental-hospital bed for every 200—the commission figures that the U.S. needs 330,000 new general hospital beds and 330,000 for mental cases.


"The hospital of tomorrow should be a well-rounded health center from which preventive, diagnostic treatment, rehabilitative and home-care services radiate to the entire community." To make this vision an actuality the commission proposed that federal grants to help build hospitals (already being made under the Hill-Burton Act, which expires in 1955) should be enlarged and continued.

The Setup. "The genius for organization, so characteristic of American life in general, is conspicuous in health services by its absence," the commission lamented. It charged that the most highly skilled doctors, dentists and nurses waste too much time doing jobs that less highly trained technicians could do as well or better, and that a lot of expensive equipment is not properly used for the benefit of doctor and patient. To get things running better, the commission urged:

¶ Federal loans to help local groups get a prepayment health plan started, its doctors to practice as a group.

¶ Establishment of a Department of Health and Security, to be headed by a secretary with Cabinet rank.

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DR. PAUL MAGNUSON
How to pay the doctor.

RELIGION

Words of the Week

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

—Luke 2: 8-14

Dogmatic Theologian

Christian apologists in the U.S. write a great many books, but generally they fall into two classes: treatises too learned for the hurried layman to wade through, and inspirational works which are clearly written but have little philosophical heft. In a new book, *The Retreat from Christianity in the Modern World* (Longmans; \$5.75), an English visitor has set his American friends a good mark to shoot at. The Rev. Julian Victor Langmead Casserley, 43, is a cheerful scholar who this year took over the chair of dogmatic theology at Manhattan's General Theological Seminary (Episcopalian). His new book is a readable discussion, reinforced with some painless history lessons, about the broad problems of Christianity in the 20th century world.

The current retreat from Christianity, as Anglican Casserley sees it, is not solely a modern phenomenon; other times have had their lapses too. What distinguishes the retreat now is its confusion, and one of the two "avenues" it takes. The first, the retreat into the "vacuum" of irreligion, has always been a passing phase. The second is far more dangerous. It occurred when disciples of the "scientific outlook" or "atheist humanism," who began their movements as a protest against Christianity, fell prey to substitute "religions" of their own devising. "[This] retreat from Christianity into religion . . . may fill that [spiritual] vacuum . . . giving life to the paganism and idolatries . . . from which the gospel once delivered us."

Christ in a Pantheon. There are three modern retreats from Christianity into religion. The first, "natural religion," grew out of the optimistic rationalism of the 18th century. It survives as a faith that man's reason and philosophy can provide the only valid moral standards. The second substitute religion is what Casserley calls "comparative religion." Its disciples strip Christ of his divinity and Christian-

ity of its divine mission, but concede that Christianity contains certain "basic" ethical truths. The result: "A Christ who would never have inspired the martyrs . . . a Christ who would be quite happy in a pantheon. His image tolerantly rubbing shoulders with those of Buddha and Confucius, Mahomet and perhaps Gandhi."

Third, and most dangerous, there is the "pseudo-divinity of the modern state . . . a divinity thrust upon it by masses of insecure and frustrated people, insistently demanding some powerful and venerable object of faith and trust." Author Casserley compares the modern revolutionary movements to "the more discreditable phases of church history." Their symptoms: "A minute and hairsplitting dogmatism enthusiastically engaged upon for



Elean Auerbach
BRITAIN'S CASSERLEY
In retreat, confusion.

its own sake: the persecution of deviant shades of opinion; an enthusiastic cult of the [human] savior."

A Byproduct of Greek. The mistakes of modern Christianity have helped to promote the new substitute religions. Anglican Casserley criticizes the Roman Catholic Church for transforming "the whole character and function of dogma" by some of its recent acts, e.g., proclaiming the dogma of the Assumption. Dogma, he holds, should be used only when necessary to fight obvious heresy which threatens the church's existence ("Dogma is not made for dogma's sake"). Proclaiming dogmas in the absence of any such threat plays into the hands of critics who say that the orthodox believer's thought is hopelessly "chained and fettered" by the church's laws.

He is even more severe towards evangelical Protestantism, because the Reformers' emphasis on faith and the Bible took so much of "medieval rationalism" out of

Christianity. It led to "the cult of the 'simple Christian.'" ("No man ever became a good Christian merely by not being an intellectual!") The theologian and the "simple Christian" drifted apart. Theology, instead of being the great unifier of Christian culture, degenerated into pedantic criticism of the Bible—"little more than a byproduct of Greek grammar." If theology abdicates its historic function, modern man, in an age of growing specialization, has no intellectual means of making proper sense out of existence.

Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, was in one of its "feeblest" moments when the Industrial Revolution began: "The foundation stones of modern large-scale urban industrial life were laid with the church absent . . . from the ceremony." The result is an industrialized society in which religion has little traditional place. Says Dr. Casserley: "It would be absurd to pretend that the average cheerful Sabbath-breaker, at the cinema . . . or peacefully potting plants in his garden, has just read Darwin, Marx or Freud . . . He cares for none of these things. His conduct must be explained in terms of a pattern of life which he has inherited from his fathers."

Surpassed Indeed! The theologians now have a good opportunity to reweave Christianity into a new pattern of life. Author Casserley notes, for the substitute religions of the retreat must fail. Morally, they have been unable either to describe or to understand moral failure or sin, and their morals have wavered for lack of a higher goal. Intellectually, "the Christian thinker . . . is repeatedly struck by the narrowness of outlook and the intellectual timidity of his time . . . We have ceased, many of us, even to conceive of the reason as the architect of civilization . . . and we have turned it instead into the merely technical instrument of the passions."

Even in their social idealism, the modern religions fall far short of Christianity. "Social justice, democracy and world peace are no doubt well enough in their way," but they are at best "fragments" and, often, "secularized substitutes for the Christian hope." It is unrealistic to think that political and administrative machinery can weld mankind into "a rationalized mass without first transforming [it] into a fellowship." Here again a substitute religion has too limited a goal, hardly the advance on Christianity that it hoped to be. Concludes Author Casserley: "Surpassed Christianity indeed! We have none of us yet caught up with it!"

Collections for 1952

The National Council of Churches reported a new high in church giving. During the past fiscal year, members of 47 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations contributed \$1,286,633,160, or about 10% more than the year before. The average member gave his church \$34.32. Most generous givers: the Free Methodists (membership 48,574), with an average of \$104.79, and the Seventh-Day Adventists (membership 245,974), who averaged \$157.80.



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Space Probe

The biggest U.S.-built rocket being flown today, the 7½-ton Viking Nine, was fired last week at White Sands Proving Ground. Climbing 135 miles above the earth, it did not establish a new altitude record; the Viking Seven, fired in August 1951, went just as high. But the latest Viking carried the heaviest payload: 750 lbs. of instruments, a big improvement on the 450 lbs. carried by the Viking Seven. According to Dr. Milton Rosen, head of the Navy's Viking project, the rocket performed beautifully, going just where it was expected to go.

Among the instruments it carried to study the threshold of space were: 1) photon counters to detect X rays from the sun; 2) a spectrograph to record the sun's ultraviolet rays; 3) special photographic emulsions to trap cosmic rays, which are to be found at full power only above the atmosphere.

The photon counters radiated their findings back to White Sands. The emulsions and most of the films exposed by the other instruments were recovered undamaged from the wreck of the rocket's nose section. Now they are being studied by specialists who will make reports in a few months on the latest news dragged down so laboriously from space.

Ski-Jet

Last week the Navy published the first pictures of the delta-wing seaplane that it has been billing as a revolutionary advance in water-air warfare (TIME, Nov. 24). Built by Convair, the XF2Y-1 Sea Dart taxis, takes off and lands on a hydro-ski (submerged in the picture) that keeps its fuselage well above the surface when it is moving rapidly. As soon as the plane is



CONVAIR XF2Y-1 SEA DART
Airdromes were out.

in the air, the hydro-ski retracts into its belly, giving it the low-drag flight of a land-based jet. Chief advantages of the ski-jet: it is not burdened with the bulky conventional landing gear; it can operate without need for elaborate airdromes.

Poor Man's Radar

An airport's instrument-landing radar is a gadget-lover's dream. Outside, it blossoms with dials, scopes and switches, and its insides are stuffed with wires and vacuum tubes that look like spaghetti sprinkled with caviar. It is such an expensive gadget that only big airports can get it. Last week Britain's Ekco Co., was telling about its "poor man's radar," designed for the pocketbook of the small-field manager.

Four years ago Manager Bernard Collins of Britain's Southend Airport near the mouth of the Thames, was having a drink with Tony Martin, chief radar engineer of

Ekco. "If only you boffins,"* said Collins, "would give us a cheap way of locating an aircraft, then we'd be quids in." Martin said he would "look around in the factory junkshop."

He found nothing suitable in the junkshop, but Collins' suggestion set him thinking. The trouble with radar, he decided, is a too-prosperous infancy. It grew up in wartime, when the military had unlimited money to lavish on it. Each improvement was achieved by adding complication. So, radar by-passed the "primitive" early stages of its evolution.

Martin started to backtrack, trying to design the simple radar that might have been developed in the early days if military money had not been so plentiful. He consulted continually with Collins (usually in a pub), and whenever he suggested adding another tube, Collins complained that he didn't want a cheaper radar, he wanted a really cheap one that would land planes effectively in the fog.

Held rigidly down to the primitive level, Martin's "Approach Aid" (on the market last week) has only 50 tubes and costs less than £4,000 (\$11,200), while a standard airport radar has something like 1,200 tubes and costs about £50,000. The poor man's radar has no spinning surveillance antenna as does conventional Ground Control Approach Radar and so does not give a continuous radar-eye view of the air around the airport. Instead it shoots out only a single narrow beam of radar pulses. Guided by a direction finder, the operator swings the beam with a pair of "handle bars" until it picks up an approaching plane. A "blip" on the radar's scope tells him that he has found it. Then, keeping the plane in the scope, he "talks" it down just as operators do with more complicated radars.

The Ekco Approach Aid is now in legal operation at Southend Airport, where it was used successfully during the record fog that plagued Britain early this month. The R.A.F. has ordered 25 sets, and the U.S. armed services are interested.



ECONOMIZERS COLLINS & MARTIN
The boffins were quids in.

* R.A.F. slang for a scientist.

East of the Bowery

Alone, friendless and frightened, the old lady would not listen to reason. Only an operation could save her, the doctor had said, but she wanted no operation. Let her die. No, there was no family to call—no one at all, except "the Alliance." Willing to try anything, the doctor called the Educational Alliance on Jefferson Street in Manhattan's lower East Side.

Alliance Director A. Harold Murray hurried to the hospital. He spoke to the exasperated doctor, then to the bewildered old lady. What, she wanted to know, was this operation? Murray explained. Well, she said, if Mr. Murray said it was O.K., it was O.K. The Alliance was all

public school. And the kids themselves could come after school to work at their hobbies in Alliance playrooms, attend dances and do their homework.

Poverty hung heavily over the neighborhood in the Alliance's early days. Washing flapped in the breeze that blew between firetrap tenements. Men scrambled for thin wages in the city's sweatshops. But at the Alliance, anything seemed possible. Even an art school flourished in its crowded classrooms. In 1915 Abbo Ostrowsky, an energetic young artist from Odessa, began the art instruction he continues today.

Austrian-born Chaim Gross came to Ostrowsky as a youngster two days out of Ellis Island, fed himself on the fruit

to cut off membership is usually enough to keep young toughs in line. Seldom does a teen-age gang need what Director Murray calls "psychiatric limitation" (a hasty phone call for the cops).

Today the oldsters are the newest problem. Many of their children have died since moved north of 14th Street. Once more the old people turn to the Alliance to fill their empty lives.

There is a summer camp for them too, and workshops where they can practice their old skills. There is a special club for those over 50, if they are widowed or still single. The club's main purpose is matrimony. At each meeting, successful former members address the group to urge old girls on, give them helpful hints on winning a man so that the club can meet its annual quota of marriages.

Last week the Educational Alliance celebrated the renovation of its building. With more than 6,000 members, the old settlement house is straining at the seams. New clubrooms have been burrowed under the sidewalk of East Broadway. Cots for the nursery are piled high in half a dozen classrooms. But the Alliance's purpose is the same as it was in the days of its first fund-raising fair: "The moral and intellectual improvement of the residents of the East Side of New York City."

Report Card

¶ At Hofstra College in Hempstead, L.I., the Crown and Lance fraternity planned its "Hell Week" hazing with care. After a nod of approval from their faculty sponsor, the fun-loving brothers daubed the heads and bellies of seven blindfolded pledges with a noxious mixture of ketchup, mustard, egg yolk and water. The pledges promptly broke out in skin blisters; one got a badly burned eye. Suspecting that heavyhanded undergraduates had fouled up the recipe with lye or turpentine, the interfraternity council decreed that Hofstra will hereafter have no hazing.

¶ At the College of the University of Chicago, Dean F. Champion Ward trotted out statistics to prove that Robert Maynard Hutchins' ten-year-old "Great Books" curriculum is a success. Students who have set their own pace through a Hutchins-type education, said Dean Ward, excel in almost every field. In nationwide graduate-record exams, 90% of the Chicago scholars placed in the upper third of the group. In the biological sciences, arts, vocabulary and social studies, 98% got better-than-median grades. Some 86% were above the median in physical sciences, literature, general mathematics and effective expression.

¶ Fired because they refused to testify whether or not they were or had ever been Communists, a group of New York school-teachers placed a want ad in the *Nation*:

TEACHERS FIRED FOR DEFENDING FREEDOM in New York schools seek employment or business opportunities. Research workers, economists, linguists, scientist, mathematicians, artist, writers, tutors, office workers. Mature, graduate degrees. Will consider employment any field offering opportunity, growth and advancement.



OLD FOLKS AT THE ALLIANCE
For young roughnecks, psychiatric limitation.

the family she had. The doctor shook his head in wonder.

Peddlers & Patriarchs. East Siders would not have wondered. For nearly 60 years the Alliance has been more than a family to thousands who live south of Union Square between the East River and the Bowery. The squat, six-story building, once a skyscraper among tight-packed tenements, has been a bridge between European ghettos and the bright promise of American citizenship.

Built in 1893 by men who knew the value of that citizenship—Isidor Straus (R. H. Macy & Co.), Jacob Schiff (Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), and other leaders of New York's Jewish community—the Alliance filled a great gap in the lives of immigrants. There a man could come to learn English, use the library or the gymnasium, attend religious services or smoke a pipe with a *Landsmann* over a game of checkers. There mothers, still wearing *sheitels*, could learn the language that their children were picking up quickly in

the students were to draw as still life, and later developed into a world-famous sculptor. Such artists as William Auerbach-Levy, Jo Davidson and Jacob Epstein paid 3¢ a week for instruction, used pushcart peddlers for models, or bearded patriarchs who posed for 15¢ an hour.

Young Eddie Cantor acted in Alliance-sponsored plays. Arthur Murray learned to dance there, and Morris Cohen discussed philosophy in the Comte Synthetic Circle. Radioman David Sarnoff and Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver got encouragement from sympathetic teachers.

Object Matrimony. The high tide of immigration ebbed with the passage of the Johnson Act in 1924, but the Alliance went on. Financed almost entirely by New York's Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, it now runs a pre-kindergarten and summer camps. During the school term, the settlement house is still the best place for the kids to spend their leisure time. So popular is the Alliance, even among East Side roughnecks, that a threat



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Manufacturing, Engineering and Installation of Automatic Sprinklers Since 1878

Custodian of the Attic

[See Cover]

When people lived in houses, not apartments, they generally had attics. Their purpose: a storage place for things so dear to their owners' hearts that they couldn't be thrown away. In time, these has-beens turned (some of them) to heirlooms. This is the case for attics.

A civilization's attics are its museums. Here yesterday's knickknacks are squirreled away, in the somewhat less haphazard hope that some of them will turn to treasure. The custodians of civilization's attics must be knowledgeable men, able to tell a hawk from a handsaw, for their yesterday goes back to history's dawn, and their attic's room—like their budget—is strictly limited. Peering at relics is an increasingly popular pastime, for mankind is increasingly curious about the past, and its tenacious connection with

the present. This is the case for museums.

Last year more people (2,263,336) went to New York's Metropolitan Museum than to the Yankee Stadium. Twelve years ago, the Met attracted only half that number. The box-office increase is largely credited to the epigrammatical, blunt showman who for twelve years has been the museum's director: Francis Henry Taylor. Says Taylor: "Showmanship should never show. But if you haven't got it, you have the kiss of death."

In his 25-year career, Taylor has come to some other conclusions about his job:

❑ "We in the art museums of America have reached a point where we must make a choice of becoming either temples of learning and understanding . . . or of remaining merely hanging gardens for the perpetuation of the Babylonian pleasures of estheticism and the secret sins of private archeology."

❑ "The American museum is, after all,

neither an abandoned European palace nor a solution for storing and classifying the accumulated national wealth of the past. It is an American phenomenon, developed by the people, for the people . . ."

❑ "Instead of trying to interpret our collections, we have deliberately high-hatted the man in the street and called it scholarship . . . The public are . . . frankly bored with museums and their inability to render adequate service. They have had their bellyful of prestige and pink Tennessee marble."

Sightseer's Digest. Though the Metropolitan has its share of pink marble, Taylor's museum high-hats nobody. Last week, as every week, a steady stream of schoolchildren, college students, housewives, tourists and casual visitors trooped up the steps and into the cloakroom to check their coats (no tips allowed).

They could all find something worth looking at: there were seven special exhibits going at once. On the ground floor were a folk costume show and a comprehensive display of "The Weird"—110 etchings, drawings and lithographs from the gruesome 15th century genii of Albrecht Dürer to the willowy 20th century witches of Charles Addams ("May I borrow a cup of cyanide?"). Upstairs were other shows: the Metropolitan's 30 famed Rembrandts, a collection of miniature objects, earliest American landscapes, contemporary American watercolors, drawings and prints.

The most arresting exhibit was "Art Treasures of the Metropolitan"—192 of the museum's most cherished items, culled from the million-odd pieces in the Met's great attic, bracketing 5,000 years of history. These works were displayed, not in chronological order, but in provocative comparisons: a lean and wiry Greek statue, 7th century B.C., near an adipose Titian, *Venus and the Lute Player*; a set of simple Egyptian jewelry, 19th century B.C., beside a pearl-studded cup by Benvenuto Cellini; a 400-year-old Pieter Bruegel the Elder side-by-side with a 65-year-old Cézanne. A visitor could see it all in 20 minutes, or pore over it for 20 days.

Cloisters & Caravaggio. These special shows are only the first ring in the Met's huge tent. Backing them up are the museum's eleven departments—from one of the world's finest collections of arms and armor to a monasterylike treasure house of medieval art, the Cloisters, overlooking the Hudson River; from one of the best collections of Egyptian art outside Cairo to galleries of Western painting matched in the U.S. only by the National Gallery in Washington. The Met owns so much art that nowadays, says Taylor, "we are reaching only for the superlative." Among recent acquisitions: Caravaggio's *The Musicians*, Velázquez' *Don Gaspar de Guzmán*, Van Gogh's *L'Arlesienne*, Gauguin's *la Orana Maria*.

Francis Henry Taylor was born in Philadelphia in 1903, the son of a well-to-do family. His father was a noted orthopedic surgeon, president of Philadelphia's College of Physicians; his mother's family were investment bankers. Taylor had the

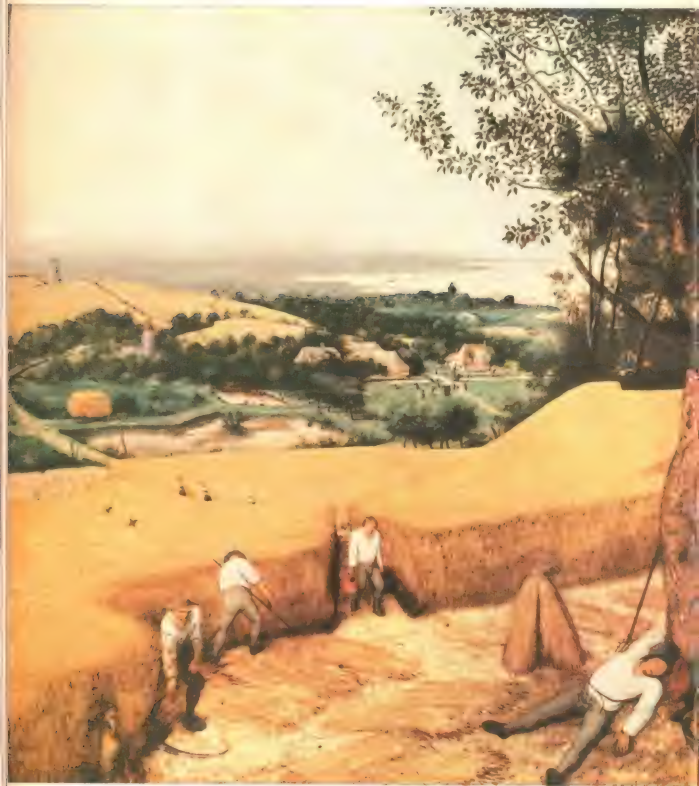


The Metropolitan Museum of Art

"MARS OR A WARRIOR" (ETRUSCAN, CIRCA 500 B.C.)
A bellyfull of prestige and pink Tennessee marble.



BOSCH'S "ADORATION OF THE MAGI": THE FLEMISH MASTER OF THE MACABRE IN A GENTLE MOOD



BRUEGEL'S "HARVESTERS": THE GIANT OF THE NORTHERN RENAISSANCE AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

THE RICHES of Manhattan's vast Metropolitan Museum are as various as its golden Chinese Buddhas, 19th century B.C. Egyptian jewelry and gleaming medieval armor. But paintings are the heart of the huge collection, and the chief

reason why the Met is one of the world's most famous museums. Among the hundreds of great paintings that adorn its walls and bulge its cellar stacks are five Vermeers, five El Grecos, and no less than 28 Rembrandts. The sample masterpieces



ANTONELLO'S VENETIAN "YOUNG MAN"



POLLAIUOLO'S FLORENTINE "YOUNG LADY"

reproduced in *TIME* this week are included in a handsome Christmas book, *Art Treasures of the Metropolitan* (Abrams; \$12.50); they are also part of a special exhibition which the Met has staged in celebration of its 80th year of growth.



IA ORANA MARIA

GAUGUIN'S "WE GREET THEE, MARY": A SOUTH SEAS ADORATION BY THE 19TH CENTURY FRENCHMAN

childhood of a genteel Philadelphian: private grammar school, then boarding school (Kent) in Connecticut, and the University of Pennsylvania. His first interest in art was aroused by the Swedenborgian cathedral going up in suburban Bryn Athyn. His brother C. Newbold Taylor, now a Philadelphia banker, presumes to doubt the story that, as a youngster, Francis used to pedal over on his bike to watch the craftsmen work in stone, wood, and glass. Says Newbold, in brotherly fashion: "I never knew my brother to take any exercise he could possibly avoid."

It was not until after college and a few years abroad that Taylor thought about a career in art. After teaching English at a French school in Chartres in 1924-25, he returned to the U.S., studied medieval art at Princeton, and landed a job as assistant curator at Philadelphia's museum.

His colleagues remember him as a curious, European-looking figure in short black coat and striped pants. But they also remember that he had the chief responsibility for a major museum project: importing an entire French Romanesque cloister dating back to 1086, and rebuilding it stone by stone in Philadelphia.

European museum men are impressed by the quality and scope of the Met's collections. Says Georges Salles, director of the Louvre: "The Metropolitan compares favorably with anything we have in the Old World. *Enfin* . . . everything! It is banal to call such an array magnificent." No other museum has an endowment (\$62 million) to equal the Met's. This year the Met had to spend some \$2,700,000 for operating expenses, but still had a husky \$500,000 available for acquisitions.

Last week the museum bookstore was offering the public a list of 400 art books, reproductions of ancient jewelry, casts of everything from a 3,000-year-old terracotta Greek ox (\$2.75) to a shimmering Aphrodite (\$37.50). A pet Taylor project is a monthly set of 24 color reproductions for \$1.25; more than 4,000,000 sets have been sold since 1948. Other sidelines: traveling shows, lectures five days a week, a loan policy that sent 1,840 treasures to 120 schools, colleges and smaller museums last year.

Scholar & Showman. It takes a peculiar combination of scholar, executive and showman to run a venture like the Metropolitan. Francis Taylor seems to have the combination. Says a friend: "He has the administrative ability of Eisenhower and the scheming patience of Machiavelli, and he bears a striking resemblance to Rodin's bust of Louis XVI." Moreover, and more important, he can work in harness with such diverse types as learned curators and unlearned but connoisseur trustees.

At 49, he is a bulky, overweight (5 ft. 11 in., 200 lbs. plus) man with a saturnine eye and a well-established reputation for earthy humor. Taylor's friend, the famed old art critic Bernard Berenson, tells a story of Taylor in a New York elevator when a young woman passenger was

pinched by the elevator boy. She shrieked. "I am pleased to note," said Taylor instantly and impassively, "that there is at least something still done by hand here in the U.S."

At meetings, Taylor often sits folded in thought, as silent as Buddha. Then he will burst into speech at machine-gun tempo. He can rage like a Shakespearean actor over an underling's blunder, yet he is also known for his gentle patience with misfits. He is widely regarded as a conservative, an enemy of much modern art, but he will cogently defend its vigor and experimentalism. Though he knows and likes his job as only a professional can, he has been heard to growl: "God, how I hate art!"

Invited to Sit Down. When Taylor took over the Metropolitan in 1940, the great museum needed a shake-up. The golden age of the great benefactors, like J. P. Morgan and Jacob Rogers, had filled

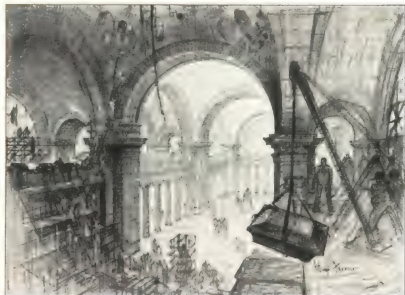
it with treasures, but many trifles had accumulated as well, and the public was more familiar with its exterior than its inside. "My job," says Taylor, "was to try, without causing any palace revolutions, to look to the future rather than the past."

Taylor was just 37 and full of ideas. "We were whisked into hundreds of new policies at once," recalls one curator. He called for floods of reports from each department, questionnaires went out asking each curator "to state his value to the museum." Out went the subwaylike turnstiles at the entrance; in came books of recommended reading for the staff, and exhibits galore.

From the first, Taylor wouldn't take much argument from his 650-man staff, and still doesn't. "You might as well poke a bear with a sore tooth," says one curator. From the time he walked into the museum at 9:15 a.m. until he went home at 7 p.m.,



MICHELANGELO'S "STUDIES FOR THE LIBYAN SIBYL"
Nowadays, only the superlative.



REBUILDING THE METROPOLITAN: ARCHITECT HUGH FERRISS' IMPRESSION
Besides high art, high politics and high finance.

he kept an eye on everything that went on, often roaming the galleries to see what the public was looking at. He still adheres to that daily schedule.

Before the current "Treasures" show, the building superintendent reported that a partition could not be taken down in time for the opening. Taylor smiled a ferocious smile. "If that partition isn't down in time," he said softly, "I'm going to lie down on the floor, kick my feet, and scream." The partition came down in time.

One of the things the staff likes best is Taylor's policy on acquisitions. The curator makes his recommendations to Taylor, who almost always approves. Then the curator is invited to state his case at a dinner with the nine-man Purchasing Committee of the trustees, headed by Manhattan Lawyer and Met President Roland Redmond. Other interested trustees, e.g., Steelman Irving Olds on American decorative arts, Lawyer Elihu Root Jr. on American painting, also attend. "In the old days," says a curator, "you were called in once in a while to speak your piece, but I don't remember ever being asked to sit down."

The trustees like the new regime too. Taylor is the only director in the museum's history to be honored with election to the board. The trustees still make the policy decisions, but Taylor's hands have not been shackled: more than a fourth of the objects in the "Treasures" show are purchases of the past twelve years.

Eyewash & Travel. The combination of high art, high politics, and high finances in Francis Taylor's job would be enough to crush some men. After a dozen years of it, Taylor appears urbanely calm, but he has a habit of biting his fingernails. "I don't relax," he says. "I just collapse. It's pretty much of a rat race."

At least once a year Taylor likes to go abroad on scouting trips. It is virtually the only vacation he gets, though it is

largely a busman's holiday. "A museum director goes to Europe to get his eyes rinsed out," he says. "He's got to. Everything here in the U.S. has been through the dealers. You've got to go abroad and see things as they were—see paintings that are still on the church walls."

He knows practically every important museum man in Paris, London and Rome, and keeps in touch with them. In Paris and Rome he also keeps in touch with his favorite restaurants. "Monsieur Taylor," says one of his French museum friends, "eats what is good, what is best. He is a true gourmet!" Other European gallery men, who have found themselves competing with the Met for masterpieces, pay their respects to Francis Taylor in different terms. Says one: "He's really an old-time politician, like all you Americans. All he thinks of is to make his museum five times as big."

Cézanne & Headlines. Taylor's big chance came in 1931, at the height of the Depression. He had married three years before (a Watertown, N.Y. girl named Pamela Coyne) and was moodily telling himself that he wasn't getting ahead fast enough. Up in Worcester, Mass., the museum had \$750,000 to put up a new building and wanted a young man with bright ideas to run it. Worcester's trustees found their young man in 27-year-old Curator Taylor.

In the museum's annual report for 1933, Director Taylor explained what he was trying to do: "[The museum] has ceased to be a mere gathering place for a few persons of special knowledge, and has become an important factor in the life of the city . . . The people of Worcester are going through deep waters, [and] the museum can help them to weather the storm." One of Taylor's first actions was to tell the city about its museum. Then he started buying the kind of master-

pieces the public would like—a 6-ft. Egyptian bas-relief, a 4th century B.C. Greek statue of an old man, a wooden head from China, a beautiful Cézanne. And then he set out to lure the public in to see them.

He expanded the free art classes for public-school children, set up traveling shows for not-too-distant boarding schools—Andover, Exeter, St. Paul's and Groton. He bought records for musicales at the museum, engaged orchestras traveling between Boston and New York for cut-rate Sunday concerts. Worcester was one of the first U.S. museums to exhibit foreign films. Some staid Worcesterites thought it "too cheapening for words," but a lot of the unstaid began to come in for a look. At first, some of them came just for the movies. When a staffer gloated over the fact that 1,000 people had come to see a movie, Taylor sighed: "Yes, but how many looked at the paintings?"

The museum put on big exhibits of Dutch, Flemish and medieval art, experimenting with new ways of displaying art. Once Taylor had visitors wandering through a darkened maze of dramatically lighted objects, listening to a recorded lecture: another time, for a Dark Ages show, he borrowed from a dealer the Great Chalice of Antioch. Without ever committing himself or the museum, he drew the attention of the press to speculation in a recent book as to whether the cup might not be the Holy Grail itself.* People flocked to the Worcester Museum, and papers as far away as the Pacific Coast carried such headlines as:

'HOLY GRAIL' EXHIBITED
BEHIND 3-FT. DEADLINE
UNDER CONSTANT GUARD

By the time Taylor left Worcester for Manhattan, attendance had jumped from 47,000 a year to 147,000.

Occupied Minds. One of the inevitable criticisms of a museum like the Metropolitan is that it favors the past at the expense of the present. Such charges leave Taylor unmoved. Says he: "There's only one standard of value. It's either art or it's not art. There's no special virtue in something because it's been done by somebody you've shaken hands with. There are things being created today that are great—but great because of manifest genius. Not because they were created today."

It all goes back to the purpose of a museum. "Art," says Taylor, "is the intimate record of the creative vision . . . Nothing can convey the dignity of man so wonderfully as a great work of art; no lesson in citizenship can teach so well the inherent nobility of the human being." He has seen a full day cut from the U.S. work week in his time—from 48 to 40 hours a week. "I think the problem of keeping the adult mind occupied is probably the greatest challenge we face."

Last week he was busy meeting the challenge with a building program. One-third of the Metropolitan was closed off

* In a 1952 bestseller, *The Silver Chalice*, by Thomas Costain, the speculation is repeated (Time, July 28).



Ever notice how family group pictures so often have the father *behind* everyone else? Come to think of it—he literally does “stand behind” the happiness and security of every member of the family. And that’s why sometimes a picture like this may start you thinking of having a talk with your Massachusetts Mutual man about the plans you’ve made for your family—just to make sure.

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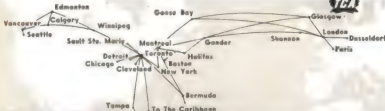
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and behind the partitions a \$14 million alteration was under way. By next year, Stage I will be complete. The museum will have 24 new and 64 remodeled galleries, each comfortably air-conditioned and better lit than before.

Over the next several years, Taylor hopes to remodel the entire museum, including a new main entrance and Escalators to reduce "museum fatigue." He has plans to meld his eleven departments into five—Ancient Art, Oriental Art, Picture Galleries, European Decorative Arts, American Art. He has experimented with TV broadcasts of art in order to be ready when color TV arrives. He is even considering tiny radio headsets so people can tune in on gallery lectures without disturbing others. "The museum is one of the few places where the population can escape from the impositions of an age starved for spiritual values."

There will also—and in Stage I—be a fine new restaurant, a new auditorium with TV studios, more & better storage space, an enlarged Junior Museum for children, lounges and rest rooms on each floor.

In the old days, they say, a Texan once wandered into the Met, and remarked with uneasy awe: "Doggone, it sure would hold a lot of hay." Whatever the Texan might feel now about Francis Taylor's big attic, he would probably have to admit that what it holds ain't hay.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, 44, cousin of Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth's Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton of Scotland, 43, brother of the Duke of Hamilton; after 21 years of marriage, four children; in Edinburgh.

Died. Robert Henry Best, 56, South Carolina-born newspaperman and longtime (1923-41) United Press correspondent in Vienna, who turned traitor during World War II, was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in 1948 (*TIME*, July 12, 1948) for broadcasting Nazi propaganda from Berlin (sample: "I hope that Europe will demand the life of one Jew for every European who dies in the present war"); of a cerebral hemorrhage; at the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Mo.

Died. Joseph Charles Rovensky, 66, longtime (1928-45) vice president of the Chase National Bank; of a stroke; in Manhattan. As chief negotiator during the '30s for 118 American banks that had made post-World War I loans to Germany, Banker Rovensky wheedled from defaulting German banks \$465 million (at 60¢ on the dollar).

Died. Brigadier General Thomas Bentley Mott (ret.), 87, longtime military aide-de-camp and attaché in Paris, personal representative of General Pershing during World War I; in Biarritz.



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THE PRESS

"A Hazardous Step"

Ever since the U.S. thoughtlessly suggested five years ago that the United Nations try to legislate freedom of the press throughout the world, U.S. editors and diplomats alike have regretted the proposal. Nations where the press has little freedom quickly seized on the proposal as a method to hamstring press freedom rather than help it (TIME, March 10, *et seq.*). Last week the restrictionists won their first, clear victory.

Over U.S. and British opposition, the General Assembly passed a "Right of Correction Treaty." If the U.S. Government ratified the treaty, for example, it would be required to distribute to the press "corrections" from any other government that feels it has been misrepresented by U.S. papers. U.S. Delegate Charles Sprague, ex-governor of Oregon and publisher of the Salem (Ore.) *Statesman*, called the treaty a "hazardous step" because it would force a government to distribute to its press any propaganda other countries wanted to foist upon it. The Russians and their satellites also voted against the treaty on completely different grounds: they are still pushing for a treaty that will stop the "warmongering of the Western press," *i.e.*, any news the Communists don't like. Even though the U.S., Britain and other countries will refuse to sign the treaty, and thus will not be bound by it, it stands a good chance of being ratified by other member nations and becoming a part, however little honored, of the international law that U.N. writes from time to time.

The Old Lady of Washington

As the oldest, richest paper in Washington, the *Evening Star* (circ. 226,000) is the capital's only real home-town daily. While other Washington dailies vie for national prestige and influence, the *Star* acts as Washington's devoted housewife, fighting as hard for good garbage disposal in the District as for good government in the nation. Like any efficient housekeeper, the *Star* seldom wastes anything, every day prints almost all the 200,000 words that file into its city room over the A.P. wire. Although its coverage of the government, Capitol Hill and the world is more complete than any paper in the city, its neat, restrained columns (where liquor ads are banned) are jammed with reports on civic meetings, mothers' clubs, high-school graduations and local bird life. Says Editor Benjamin M. McKelway: "The last time the paper was 'really wrought up' was when it fought the 'free silver' of the Bryan campaign."

Last week, at a banquet at Washington's Hotel Statler given for her 1,440 employees, the Old Lady celebrated her 100th birthday. With a propriety befitting her age and standing, the paper's staff sat around her table in strict order of service seniority. Next to President



CROSBY NOYES

"Hail Kerlumbly!! Yah! Yah!! Yah!!!"

Samuel Kauffmann, 54, was the head janitor on the sixth floor, who came to the paper when Kauffmann did, 31 years ago. Alongside Editor McKelway, 57, sat a Negro press helper who got a job on the *Star* in 1920, when McKelway came to work for the paper. For the occasion, the Old Lady showed she could still kick up her skirts. To the "Live a little" tune, the *Star* promotion manager good-naturedly needed the staff: "You've got to lie a little, boast a little You've gotta make like the [Washington] *Post* a little . . ."



McKelway & KAUFFMANN
Since free silver, no hoopla.

From Stub to Monument. Ever since the *Star* was started in 1852, it has kept its eye on Washington. The paper, said its first editorial, "will preserve a strict neutrality, and whilst maintaining a fearless spirit of independence, will be devoted in an especial manner to the local interests of the beautiful city which bears the honored name of Washington." Since the Washington Monument was just a stub then, it set out to raise money to complete it. The *Star* campaigned for street numbers on houses, modern jails, a closed sewage system and through railroads, and even basted the Pennsylvania Railroad in a fight to eliminate grade crossings. Once, in a burst of effervescence, after the *Star* fought to rout a "swindling" local government, the paper chanted in banner headlines: VICTORY! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!! EMERY ELECTED BY 3600 MAJORITY—CARRIES EVERY WARD IN CITY!—BY-BYE COOK!!—FAREWELL BOWEN—A LONG ETERNAL ADIEU TO THE WHOLE SWINDLING RING—HAIL KERLUMBLY!!—YAH! YAH!! YAH!!!

The *Star* is not only edited for the whole family, but has been published by the same families for 85 years. Fifteen years after its birth it was bought by one of its reporters, Crosby S. Noyes, together with New York *World* Washington Correspondent George W. Adams, Ohio Publisher Samuel Kauffmann, and two others who were soon bought out. The Noyes-Adams-Kauffmann families still own the paper. By inheritance, the *Star's* stock has already passed to the fourth and fifth generations.

All in the Family. Over the years, the *Star* family reached so far into Washington life that when Scripps-Howard started the *Washington News*, it looked for a bank where *Star* relatives did not sit on the board of directors. The *News* settled on a small bank that had no *Star* relatives on the board, opened its modest account there so the *Star* wouldn't know the finances of its new competitor.

There are still twelve family staffers on the paper, but Sunday Editor Newbold Noyes Jr. is quick to point out that no one holds a job unless he does well. "There are too many of the family banking on this paper for our income," says he. "It's got to make money." Office wags joke that in one more generation, or perhaps two, the *Star* will need no help at all from outside families. The top "outsider" on the *Star* is Editor McKelway. He is also the only non-family stockholder, McKelway, brother of *The New Yorker's* St. Clair McKelway, was given one share so that he could sit on the paper's board.

In advertising, the *Star* has long been one of the leading papers in the U.S., outranks the New York *Times* in ad lineage, and this year stands fourth* among the nation's papers. Its circulation in Washington runs second to McCormick's *Times-Herald*, but the *Times-Herald* has been slipping while the *Star* has been gaining. Its staff is as secure as the paper. *Starman*

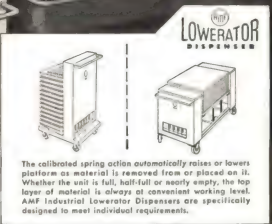
* After the Milwaukee *Journal*, Chicago *Tribune*, Los Angeles *Times*.



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Larry Burrows

CARTOONIST LOW Too close for comfort.

like to boast that no one is ever fired or laid off "except for very grave reasons." The paper's front-page trademark feature for years was the fussy, inoffensive cartooning of the late Pulitzer-Prizewinning Clifford K. Berryman, and now it is the work of his son Jim. President Kauffmann sees no reason to change the Old Lady's successful ways. Says he, "Our dedication is to the voteless citizens of this city."

Spanish Life

On newsstands and to subscribers all over Latin America^{*} this week went more than 100,000 copies of a brand-new magazine: *LIFE EN ESPAÑOL*, first foreign-language publication in the history of TIME Inc. The new fortnightly, which took a year to plan and staff, is edited and translated in New York, printed in Chicago. (To set the magazine, TIME linetypers were sent to school to learn Spanish.) Part of the bilingual staff is made up of writers and journalists from Latin American countries, including Alberto Cellario and Leonor Villanueva, ex-editors on the staff of *La Prensa*, the once great Argentine daily taken over by Perón. Other Latin American staffers: Walter Montenegro, one of Bolivia's leading newspaper columnists; Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo, winner of Cuba's 1951 National Literary Prize; Maruxa Nuñez de Villavicencio, former fashion editor of Havana's daily, *El Mundo*; Ramón Frausto, who wrote a column syndicated in more than 40 Mexican papers.

Although most of the Spanish-language *LIFE* will consist of articles and pictures from the domestic edition of *LIFE*, each issue will also have pictures, articles and selections prepared especially for the Spanish-language edition. For example, No. 1 has an eleven-page illustrated article on

Cuban Patriot José Martí, together with some of his original writings. As a regular feature, the Spanish-language *LIFE* also has a "Letter from North America." In its Letters-to-the-Editor section, Colombia Publisher Maurice Obregón, owner of *Semana*, a weekly newsmagazine, wrote: "We respect the competition of your admirable magazine . . . but we do not wish in any way to prevent the competition, for two reasons: first, because we believe that competition is inevitable in any healthy country, and second, because we hope that *LIFE EN ESPAÑOL* will contribute to the information and education of our people."

Time for a Change

As cartoonist for Lord Beaverbrook's Tory London *Evening Standard*, David Low was often called the world's best political cartoonist. Socialist Low thrived on cartooning for a Tory paper, at times sharply caricatured both his boss, the Beaver, and the Conservative government. Three years ago, Low moved his cartoons to a paper closer to his own political views. He switched from the *Standard* to the dull, doctrinaire *Daily Herald*, official organ of the Labor party. Instead of pepping up the *Herald* as he was supposed to do, the *Herald*—and the fact that Labor was in power—seemed to dull down Low.

The answer seemed to be that Low, like other cartoonists, is at his best when he is against something. Last week Low announced he would go to a job where he would feel more against things. Beginning Feb. 1, he is moving over from the *Daily Herald* to the liberal (but not Labor) *Manchester Guardian*. Explained Low: "I have no quarrels and there has been no falling out with my Labor friends . . . I [just feel] it will be a relief . . . to go back to a public more appreciative of the fine points, [and] one should move along every few years."

The Post v. Winchell

The feud between the New York *Post* and Columnist Walter Winchell last week moved from the news columns into the courts. The *Post* and Editor James A. Wechsler filed libel suits for \$1,525,000 against Winchell and the Hearst Corp., his radio-TV sponsor (Gruen Watch Co.), and American Broadcasting Co. Said the *Post*: in his columns and on his radio-TV programs, Winchell has been engaged in "journalistic gangsterism . . . [He has] spread the impression that the *Post* and its editors are disloyal to the United States and support and defend the Communist Party and C.P. figures convicted of conspiracy and espionage." While its case begins the long journey through the courts, the *Post* plans to run another series ("Winchell Revisited") as a sequel to its first 24-part scorcher, which started the fight (*TIME*, Jan. 21). Said Winchell: "A year ago when they started their series on me [the *Post* never thought] that their headlines would one day say, 'Post Sues Winchell.'" As soon as the *Post* starts its new series, Winchell has "a bank of eleven columns ready to use."

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

The Grey-Eyed People (by John D. Hess) was a two-tone play whose colors brutally clashed. It told of a suburban individualist who staged a hot-tempered crusade on behalf of a former Communist who ran afoul of the community. Part of the time the author—a veteran *TV* writer—seemed concerned with a pressing contemporary situation. The rest of the time he merely seemed concerned with what it could yield in laughs.

Some of his gags were clever enough, some of his scenes had the right farcical commotion for a different kind of play, and in Walter Matthau he had an engaging leading man. But the play, which closed at week's end after five performances, was far from expert on its own terms, and its terms were a little shabby anyhow. Playwright Hess seemed to have chosen his theme for no better reason than that it is in the air right now, and to have handled it as though it were going on the air.

New Revue in Manhattan

Two's Company (music & lyrics by Vernon Duke & Ogden Nash; sketches by Charles Sherman & Peter De Vries) brought Bette Davis back to Broadway after some 20 years in Hollywood. But even with her return to the stage marking her first real fling as a comic, it all proved more an occasion than an event. Though *Two's Company* is not up to sound-revue standards, it would very likely prove a satisfying evening if Actress Davis were up to her role. She struggles valiantly, but a big-time revue is too new to her, and comedy doesn't come natural.

She is on the stage a lot: she is Sadie Thompson, she is Tallulah cavorting at a



Bob Goltz

BETTE DAVIS
One's a crowd.

* Except Argentina, where all TIME Inc. publications are banned.

Bette Davis show, she is a hillbilly singer on TV, a straight singer of musically songs, the slavey wife of a jealous, rough-neck husband. She is not at all a dead weight; she knows how to command attention. But it's all a little like watching someone stay on a horse rather than perform as a rider; also a little as if two famous actresses were exchanging roles, and that, to complete the joke, Ethel Merman should turn up as Hedda Gabler.

With Bette Davis not pacing the show, *Two's Company* alternately spurts and slumps. There are such pleasant-enough Vernon Duke tunes as *It Just Occurred to Me*—though it could have occurred to a good many composers. There are a number of skits with promising ideas, but few that are even reasonably funny. Dave Burns is an enjoyable comic, and Hiram Sherman—ever without good material—an ingratiating commentator. Most notably, Jerome Robbins has worked out some attractive dances and ballets, and Ballerina Nora Kaye contributes some attractive dancing. But somehow all these names don't add up to very much news.

Old Play in Manhattan

The Children's Hour (by Lillian Hellman) is still, after 18 years, vivid and powerful. Into her tale of a child's fiendish lie that shatters the lives of two young schoolmistresses, playwright Hellman packed a great deal of sheer vibrant theater. But for all the child's whispered charges of Lesbianism and her grandmother's shouted ones, *The Children's Hour* is something more than shocking, as it is something more than tense. Despite its heightened stage qualities, it cuts sharply back into life—to the monstrous power of gossip, to the sick, psychopathic nature of evil, to how calamitously the upright people of the world—such as the grandmother—can blunder.

For the first two acts—as 14-year-old Mary Tilford exerts her fearful wiles over schoolmates and grandmother and spreads her poison—*The Children's Hour* has the lure of mounting melodrama. It is with the last act that something at once harsher and more humane begins to blow through the story, and with the very last scene—when the surviving schoolmistress faces an enlightened, remorseful old lady—that the play takes on, emotionally and morally, a sense of the tragic.

The production is not quite all of a piece. Thirteen-year-old Iris Mann (*The Innocents*) plays the brat with remarkable skill, and more convincingly than brilliantly stazy Florence McGee, a grownup, did in 1934. And, as in 1934, Katherine Emmet is impressive as the grandmother. As the schoolmistresses, however, Kim Hunter and—despite very good moments—Patricia Neal display a certain lack of shading in their roles and of full impact in certain of their scenes. But if such limitations stress how much the acting can mean to a play, the whole evening proves how much a good play is able to do for itself.

Bing Signs His Name

When Rudolf Bing ends his third season as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera next spring, he will have completely restyled twelve operas and achieved a good part of what he was hired to do, i.e., make Met productions a consistent pleasure to the eye as well as the ear. He has not been able to cure the Met's chronic deficits (last year's: about \$475,000), but the directors are content. Last week, to nobody's surprise, they signed Bing up for another three years.



CHARLES ROSEN

Tommy Weber

In a musty corridor, slamming doors.

Ph.D. at the Piano

At 25, Charles Rosen is a Ph.D. in French literature (Princeton) who also plays the piano. Last week, after listening to a Rosen concert in Manhattan's Town Hall, the critics told him, in effect, to quit the literature business and concentrate on the recital business. "[He may become] a figure of real consequence on our musical landscape," said the *Herald Tribune*. "The type of mind that is going to grow with the years," seconded the *Times*.

Rosen played a program that an older man might fear to tackle. Where the usual recital contains only one or two really testing works, Rosen's had four. Moreover, he played them thoroughly his own way.

His performance of Brahms's virtuoso *Variations on a Theme by Paganini* swept along like a fresh breeze in a musty corridor, slamming doors on heavy-handed traditions and uncovering the fine old structure. Listeners heard more details than they believed possible, played in tones of pastel shading. Then the pianist flashed through Schoenberg's tortuous *Suite*, Op. 25 and surprised even hardened modern

music lovers: its improbable burblings came through almost as easily as a Viennese waltz. After that came Beethoven's *Sonata*, Op. 110 and, for a dazzling change of pace, Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*. When it was over, the audience demanded four encores.

Manhattan-born Charles Rosen has been playing the piano since he was five, but when he went to Princeton he majored in French literature and studied music on the side. After that came graduate work, and the big academic push that the Ph.D. requires. Then about two years

ago, just before he got his degree, some of his admirers raised \$1,000 to pay for a Manhattan piano debut.

He had all the amateur's troubles: for the debut he rented a piano he particularly liked, but he broke a string at rehearsal and had to use an instrument with a brassier tone; then he found that the tuner had cleaned the keyboard and left it so slippery he had to claw at the keys to keep his fingers from skidding. Things went better last week (he warned the management not to clean the keys), but his powerful performance knocked all the A strings out of tune early in the program.

Most of these troubles, he thinks, are the result of professional inexperience. "If you want to play the piano well," he now says, "you have to make your living at it." He is not quite ready for that yet. After his 1951 debut, he won a Fulbright scholarship and went off to Paris to study 15th century musical manuscripts; he still has a few months' work to finish in Paris' Bibliothèque Nationale. Meanwhile, he will make some recordings (for London) and continue to practice four hours a day. After that, he will start in earnest on his piano career.

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TIME



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Sinful & Suggestive?

A gingerly investigation of the sex- and beer-filled jungles of television was begun last summer by a congressional subcommittee (TIME, June 16). Last week the committee came to a tame conclusion: TV is well able to police itself. In its final report, submitted by Chairman Oren Harris of Arkansas, the committee said that TV is sometimes guilty of "offensive, objectionable or suggestive" material, of "poor taste" in advertising some products, and of placing "entirely too much emphasis on crime programs." However, the committee noted, "substantial improvements" have been made, e.g., the plunging necklines of women performers have been triced up. Other critics of TV were less content:

¶ In Huntington, W. Va., Lawrence H. Rogers, vice president of station WSAZ and WSAZ-TV, banned the song *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus* because "it violates a provision against songs in which children describe parents' misconduct, and implies an insult to Santa Claus and the sacred occasion of Christmas."

¶ In Indianapolis, the Methodist Ministerial Association asked station WFBM-TV to have two of its announcers stop quaffing beer on the TV screen because they "unconsciously do our children such harm as years cannot remove."

¶ In Chicago, *Daily News* Critic Jack Mabley emptied both barrels at Cowboy Roy Rogers. Mabley reported that in a single episode of the *Roy Rogers Show*, "two men beat an old man . . . The old man is permanently blinded by the attack. Two men beat a dog about the head with a pistol . . . The men again attack the dog as he is leading the old man on a mountain trail. The old man cries for help, tries to find the dog, and plunges over a cliff to his death on the rocks. A veterinarian who is a thief kills an injured companion with an injection of poison as the man lies in bed. The dog is doped, but attacks a man. Two men kidnap a girl then beat her." The show, said Mabley grimly, "was written and produced expressly for children and put on the air over the NBC network at 5:30 p.m. Sunday, so that it could catch all children . . . It's frightening to see these five- and six-year-old tots sitting spellbound before TV sets, soaking up this sadism. It is the height of irresponsibility for a network to so callously disregard the well being of children."

Not Caviar

"We haven't hit anyone in the face with a pie in over two years," says Art Linkletter wistfully. He explains: "Radio and TV are in a do-good phase these days. Everybody's busy turning some unfortunate's life into a Cinderella story." As a veteran broadcaster, 40-year-old Art Linkletter skillfully rides the trends—from giveaways to guessing games. And he expects to still be around with such

shows as his *House Party* (weekdays, 2:45 p.m., CBS-TV and 3:15 p.m., CBS radio) and *People Are Funny* (Tues. 8 p.m., CBS radio) when the public is once again in the mood for pie-throwing and seltzer-squirting.

On the air, Art Linkletter looks and sounds like the life of the party. He scampers down into the studio audience to fire questions at startled ladies; he twinkles his way through interviews with scrubbed-faced young moppets; he delights in playing practical jokes on visiting husbands and wives. Fun & games is the prescription for all his shows, and Linkletter reports that the question most often asked his non-professional wife is whether he is as much



ART LINKLETTER & GUEST
Brides just giggle.

fun offstage as on. He adds, quickly: "She says 'Yes.'"

Linkletter is probably the most notable living native of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. His parents moved to California when he was six, and Art worked his way through San Diego State College, won his varsity letter at basketball and swimming. A big (6 ft. 1 in., 210 lbs.) and serious-minded athlete, he has only this year given up competing in National A.A.U. handball tournaments. He got into radio on a local San Diego station and has broadcast from planes, dirigibles, battleships and submarines. Once he had himself hoisted up & down the face of a skyscraper in a bosun's chair, interviewing people on each floor. Since he became a network name ten years ago with *People Are Funny*, Art estimates that he has interviewed more than 25,000 people on the air. He rates children and old ladies as the most cooperative talkers, young brides

("They just giggle") and sea captains ("They don't say anything") as the toughest problems.

Art's hatful of sponsors (Pillsbury flour, Green Giant peas, Kellogg cereals, Lever Bros. soaps, Mars candy bars) pay him more than \$350,000 a year, which is enough to let Art indulge his favorite hobby: investments. "I love business," he says. He owns all or part of a Colorado lead mine, a Mexican magnesium plant, nine producing oil wells in Oklahoma and Texas, a low-voltage wiring company, a modeling school, a roller-skating arena, a gas well and a batch of California apartments. The only shadow on his contentment is cast by certain radio & TV critics who, Art complains, "look down their noses at my type of show." Says he: "We don't pretend to be *Studio One*. But they ought to remember that all food isn't caviar, either."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 26. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *La Bohème* in English, with Conner, Tucker, Munsel.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). A Strauss-Wagner program, conducted by Bruno Walter.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *Westward the Women*, with Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel.

America's Town Meeting (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). "Does Television Enrich American Home Life?"

Best Plays (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). *A Bell for Adano*, with Arthur Kennedy, Myron McCormick.

Sugar Bowl (Thurs. 1:45 p.m., ABC radio & TV). Georgia Tech v. Mississippi.

Cotton Bowl (Thurs. 1:45 p.m., NBC radio & TV). Texas v. Tennessee.

Years of Crisis (Thurs. 4:30 p.m., CBS). CBS correspondents meet in Manhattan for their fourth annual news roundup.

Rose Bowl (Thurs. 4:45 p.m., NBC radio & TV). Southern California v. Wisconsin.

The American Way (Thurs. 10 p.m., CBS). A new series of talent auditions presented by Bandleader Horace Heidt.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Joan Caulfield in *A String of Beads*.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). With Jimmy Stewart.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Edna Best in *Magic Morning*.

Circus Hour (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Joe E. Brown, Dolores Gray.

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Ruth Matteson in *The Paper Moon*.

Watch Service (Wed. 11 p.m., NBC). From Manhattan's Church of St. Peter & St. Andrew.

New Year's Eve (Wed. 11:55 p.m., NBC). Celebration from Times Square.

Orange Bowl (Thurs. 1:45 p.m., CBS). Syracuse v. Alabama.

Paper's Production Line



Rope and Twine Keep Continental-Alford Machines and Shipments on Schedule

The United States produces around 25,000,000 tons of paper and paperboard annually. Paper is a major industry, and so far-reaching that its output is used as an index of all U. S. industrial activity. But few people realize that ropes and twines play an important role in maintaining this industry's production.

Says W. J. Alford III—Executive Vice President of Continental Paper Company and President of Alford Cartons, two leading firms in the business . . . "Our papermaking machines rely on their nylon carrier rope (shown in photograph) to feed the

continuous paperboard sheet through a maze of steam-heated rollers to remove moisture. From this sheet are manufactured a thousand and one familiar cartons and packages. In addition, we need over 7,900,000 feet of twine every year—to tie up the paperboard sheets for shipment to box manufacturers. Where would we be without cordage?"

Cordage products are a seldom seen but ever-vital tool of all trades. In one way or another, Plymouth ropes and twines contribute to everything you use in your home, your business, your leisure.



Plymouth nylon carrier rope is only one of the many ropes engineered specially for specific industries. For information on this and other Plymouth cordage products, write:

PLYMOUTH CORDAGE COMPANY
Dept. IS, Plymouth, Massachusetts

ROPE • TYING TWINE • HARVEST TWINE • TWISTED PAPER PRODUCTS



These special steels **STOP** accidents

You're safer on the road when traffic signs give clear warning. That's why so many signs are made of a special paint-holding steel . . . Armco **PAINTGRIP**. Paint on this steel lasts much longer than on ordinary metals. That's one reason why manufacturers use **PAINTGRIP** in kitchen cabinets, porch furniture and other painted steel products for your home.

There are many other Armco special steels that contribute to your safety and comfort. So when you're buying products made of steel, it will pay you to remember this: The Armco label on any product means the manufacturer has carefully selected one of Armco's special-purpose steels to give you greater satisfaction and more value for your money.



You're safer with combination screen and storm sash. No more ladder climbing or leaning far out of windows every spring and fall. This year-round sash is made of Armco **ZINCGRIP**, another special Armco metal. Its protective zinc coating clings tightly through all kinds of weather to assure you of long service. And the zinc surface is especially treated to hold paint much longer.



No dangerous fumes. A rusted-out car muffler can mean danger to you. That's why you and your family are safer with a car exhaust system made of Armco **ALUMINIZED Steel**. This special steel resists heat damage in mufflers—lasts at least twice as long as ordinary steel mufflers. You'll also find **ALUMINIZED Steel** in ranges, toasters, heaters and other "hot" products for the home.



You're safer at home or at work when a fire extinguisher is handy. When it's made of Armco **Stainless Steel** you have *extra* assurance it will be ready in any emergency. This rustless steel isn't harmed by water and fire-fighting chemicals. It's also used in knives and forks, cooking utensils, roof gutters and downspouts. You'll save in the long run with products made of Armco **Stainless**.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, WITH PLANTS AND SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST
THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, WORLD-WIDE



BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Happy New Year

One reliable measure of how good business is—and how good businessmen expect it to be in the new year—is the money earmarked for expansion. In the first quarter of 1953, SEC and the Commerce Department reported last week, businessmen expect to pour money into new plants and equipment at an annual rate of \$28.7 billion v. an estimated rate of \$28.3 billion in the current quarter. Every industry except transportation is planning to spend more money for expansion; public utilities and manufacturers will spend more than ever before.

GOVERNMENT

New Yardstick

When General Motors pegged its wages to the Bureau of Labor Statistics' consumers' price index, it set a pattern for thousands of other union contracts. As the index rose, the unions got automatic pay increases. Last week it appeared that this pattern might soon change. In the hope of improving the index's accuracy, BLS announced a radical change in the way it is compiled. To reflect changed standards of living, BLS will add 75 new items (including candy, ice cream, baby foods, used cars). It will also check prices in 12 additional cities, raising the total to 46, and give food products less weight. But the biggest change will be to substitute the average of 1947-49 prices for the 1935-39 price yardstick now used for measuring changes.

Since the new index is less sensitive to minor price fluctuations, it will probably provide unions with less of an argument for wage increases. Already C.I.O. President Walter Reuther has warned that the autoworkers will not accept an automatic change-over to the new index.

Job for the States?

In the Northwest, where the public v. private power battle has raged for years, Bonneville Power Administrator Paul J. Raver has been right in the middle of many a skirmish. Last week Raver made a suggestion to the Bonneville Regional Advisory Council which, coming from the area's top federal power man, was startling indeed. Said he: the Federal Government ought to clear out of the power business in the Northwest, turn over the job to an "interstate" agency.

The agency would have authority to build dams and possibly assume such other financial burdens as flood control, navigation, fish & wildlife and recreation—all of which now get direct appropriations from Congress. Its financing would come primarily from revenue bonds.

Raver's suggestion, made at a time when worsening power shortages are causing unemployment and brownouts in the Northwest, was the first admission from a top Government power official that



J. M. Heslop
RANCHER HENDERSON & FRIEND
Scandals were good for business.

federal ownership of power may not be the best thing for the nation. His plan may well meet with approval from the Eisenhower Administration. Oregon's Governor Douglas McKay, the incoming Interior Secretary, has already said he thinks it sound.

"Businessman's View"

Critics of the Truman Administration have often complained that U.S. foreign aid agencies are overstaffed and duplicate each other's work. Last week this familiar charge was raised again in a report giving a businessman's view of the situation. Said the report: "We have too many people and too many agencies in Western Europe . . . There are at the moment four men each with the title of 'Ambassador' in Paris . . . We still have Mutual Security Agency missions in some countries to which we are not now and for some time have not given aid." Said the report: It was time to start cutting off aid to Europe and let Europe improve its economic position by trade, not aid.

The interesting fact about this report was that it was signed by Charles Sawyer, Harry Truman's Secretary of Commerce.



Bergdorf Goodman
WHITE MINK WRAPS
Fashion crowned a new queen.

FUR

The Latest: Thing

For weeks the fur trade had buzzed with talk about the latest thing in mink. "White wonder of the world," said the ads, "white as purest snow." From the Mutation Mink Breeders Association came a batch of engraved cards, with a golden crown as a crest, announcing the arrival of "this superb new fur." In Manhattan last week, at the first fur auction of the new season, it was obvious that "Jasmine," a new white fur, was indeed the new queen of the minks. It sold as high as \$155 a pelt, then settled down to around \$70 v. about \$20 for darker, standard pelts.

If Jasmine was queen of the minks, mink was still king of the furs. In swank shops across the nation, fur departments were jammed with last-minute Christmas shoppers. Some bought bleached otter; others snapped up dyed beaver, nutria or sable. But for most, the goal was a mink. Mink outsells all other furs (world production is about 3,250,000 pelts a year), accounts for an estimated 65% of the dollar volume in the fur business.

\$50 a Night. Though some retail prices last week were down a little from last year (about \$300 on a \$5,000 coat), Utah's Mink Rancher David W. Henderson, president of the National Board of Fur Farm Organizations, thought the market was off to a good start. One fillip came from an unexpected source. Said Henderson, whose beady-eyed little Topaze breeders (see cut) are worth up to \$600 apiece: "If anything, the Washington mink scandals helped the market by bringing the idea of mink coats more & more before the public." In Chicago, the Miller Fur Co. was doing a booming business renting out mink coats at \$50 a night. Said a harried salesman in Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman: "You'd think we were giving the stuff away, the way people are flocking in."

But for all the good news from auction rooms and retail stores, minkmen have had their troubles. With feed prices high and markets erratic, more than 2,000 ranchers (U.S. total: 6,500) went out of business in the past year. With coat manufacturers, a big complaint is the 20% luxury tax, which puts prices just out of reach of a big market.

Pelts & Problems. The biggest headache in the industry is self-induced: the constant scramble for new mutations among the ranchers and their minks. Time was when a woman would go into a shop and simply ask for mink; now she asks for such varieties as Black Diamond, Topaze (a golden brown) or Royal Pastel (a honey beige). As each new mutation hits the market, as in the case of white Jasmine last week, it is hailed through-out the trade. Result: within a year it is more plentiful, and prices sink.

Silverblu mink, the first commercially



LEON SWIRBUL



S2F-1
Mission accomplished.



Victor Jorgensen—FPG for Forrest
LEROY GRUMMAN

successful mutation, brought as much as \$260 a pelt ten years ago. Now it is down to about \$30. Sapphire, new two years ago, sold for as much as \$110 when it first hit the market. Now, with production up from 30,000 to some 200,000 pelts in 1952, it averages about \$42.

Hazards of Fashion. Aside from the hazards of such fads (rebellious designers have threatened to plug such furs as sable and chinchilla), the wild scramble for mutations has confused the public. The real value in a mink coat is the quality of the fur itself and the long hours of skilled workmanship required to make a coat. With the new Jasmine mutation, for example, Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman might pay \$4,050 for the skins, \$1,800 for the labor.⁶ Rent and other overhead expenses would bring the cost of the coat to \$7,300, and Bergdorf's would sell it for \$12,000 plus tax.

But most mink-hunting women have little idea of how or where the coats come from. At a mink ranch not long ago, a woman visitor asked: "How many times a year do you pelt the animals?" Answered the scornful rancher, deadpan: "Well, we used to pelt twice a year, but it was hard on the minks, so we cut it down to once."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Fake Wheels. To cash in on the sports car fad, Los Angeles' Calnevar Co. brought out a "simulated wire wheel," a stainless-steel, spoked disk which can be snapped on in place of the conventional hubcap. Good for any U.S. car (except Studebaker, Lincoln and the Nash Ambassador), Calnevar's sporty gadget covers the entire wheel, looks like the real thing. Calnevar has orders for 50,000, expects to sell 250,000 in 1953. Price: \$99.50 to \$109.50 for a set of four (real wire wheels cost \$300 extra a set). But the company

may find the competition hot since half a dozen other companies have similar disks.

Fabrics for Refrigerators. International Harvester's new Decorator Model refrigerators will have fabric-covered doors designed to: 1) eliminate the chipping of enamel or porcelain door finishes; 2) let the housewife match her refrigerator with her kitchen décor. The changeable washable fabrics will be available in a variety of patterns, with window curtains to match.

Plastic Painkiller. Larson Laboratories of Erie, Pa., put on sale a spray-on plastic to make easier the removal of adhesive bandages. Squirted on the skin before tape is applied, the Adhesive Balm Spray (containing Monsanto's Santicizer No. 8) forms an antiseptic, stainless plastic film, later permits dressings to be peeled off with almost no pain to the patient. A 12-oz. can: \$3.

Theft-Proof Wheat. The Roosevelt Stockman's Association put on sale confetti to foil wheat thieves. (For the last few years there have been several big wheat thefts a year in Roosevelt County, Mont.) Packaged with a code number printed on each piece of paper, the confetti is mixed with the farmer's wheat, and the code number recorded by elevator men when the wheat is traded. If the wheat is stolen, the code number makes it easy to identify when resold.

Double-Barreled Paint Gun. Chicago's Binks Manufacturing Co. announced a new paint gun with two nozzles which speeds the drying of paint. While the paint (Glidden Co.'s new resin, Nu-Pon A) is shot from one spray head, a fluid catalyst issues from the other, quickly combines with the paint to help it dry quickly. The gun is necessary because the reaction will only take place when paint and catalyst meet at the moment of application. Price of the gun: \$147.

AVIATION

The Killer Plane

On the apron of its Bethpage, L.I. flying field, Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. last week showed off its newest Navy plane, the S2F-1, a submarine killer. The S2F-1, powered by two Wright 1,450-h.p. piston engines, looks like a

lumpy cigar and is built for range, not speed. But it is probably crammed with more electronic gear than any other U.S. warplane; its search equipment can locate a completely submerged submarine by picking up the sub's magnetic field. And when it finds a sub, it has a type of guided missile to blast it.

The new plane does the work of two old ones. Until now, Navy carrier-based planes have hunted subs in teams; one radar plane hunted the sub while the other carried the weapons to kill it. The new hunter-killer plane will not only save valuable carrier space but its range is so great that it can patrol a much wider area than the old teams. By next fall, Grumman will hit peak production, and manufacture of the old teams will be stopped.

Like Sterling. In developing a new weapon tailored for an exacting Navy job, Grumman once more carried out its 23-year-old mission as the chief supplier of Navy planes. During World War II it turned out 17,000 planes, including Hellcat and Wildcat fighters, the backbone of the Navy's carrier squadrons. To the Navy, said the late Vice Admiral John C. McCain, the name Grumman was like "sterling" on silver.

In the postwar collapse of the aircraft business, Grumman's reputation was enhanced in another way. As most plane-makers dived into the red, it kept flying in the black. When the war ended, it had little else on its books except an order for 1,200 Navy FSF Bearcats which was cut back drastically. President Leon A. Swirbul, then executive vice president, gave every one of his 25,500 workers a friendly farewell and a diploma-like dismissal notice. Then he rehired the 3,500 men he wanted to keep permanently.

Like many another airplane maker, Grumman diversified into such strange lines as aluminum canoes and dinghies. To help pay the overhead, "Jake" Swirbul snared contracts to overhaul Navy planes and to service foreign airlines planes. For the civilian airplane market, Grumman's Widgeon amphibians were refitted for executive use, and Grumman began making its fast, versatile Mallards and the Albattross, an air-sea rescue plane. Swirbul's tactics succeeded in keeping the company narrowly in the black. By 1948 Chairman

* A full-length mink coat takes up to 80 carefully matched and graded pelts. Each skin is sliced diagonally into dozens of strips, less than a quarter of an inch wide. Then the strips are sewn back together to form a two-inch-wide piece of fur equal to the length of the coat. These long swatches of fur, in turn, are sewn together to make the coat.

Leroy R. Grumman had a new Panther jet ready for the Navy. The company began to get new orders for it, as well as older planes, and Grumman made a comfortable \$2,393,311.

Like on Accordion. When the Korean war broke, the company was ready to step up production of Panthers (the first Navy jets to go into combat in Korea) by means of its "accordion plan." To keep capacity flexible without big capital outlays, this plan called for subcontracting wing panels, tail surfaces and other smaller parts to outsiders, not only for Panthers but also for the Cougar, a swept-wing Panther. Thus, Swirbul has kept his work force down to 11,800—less than half Grumman's wartime peak, although his order backlog has soared to roughly \$400 million. (In 1952's first six months Grumman made \$2.2 million.)

Nevertheless, the company was cramped for space to build longer runways for jets at the Bethpage plant. Owners of new houses, who had crowded as close as 50 ft. to Grumman's runways, began objecting to the roar of jets. Navy brass was all for moving Grumman to a less crowded and less vulnerable inland site. But Swirbul persuaded the Navy to build Grumman a \$22 million plant and test field on 4,500 acres 50 miles farther out on Long Island. There Grumman may build a successor to its Cougar, a new F10F jet fighter, now being tested at Edwards Air Force Base (Muroc), Calif. Says Swirbul: "It may revolutionize fighter design."

PERSONNEL

Repair Job

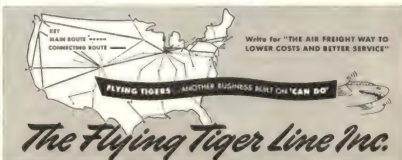
For National Can Corp., 1952 was a hard year. Because of the steel strike, a lost decision on an old breach-of-contract suit, and a costly adjustment in freight rates, the company lost \$491,241 in the first nine months. National, deciding that



ROBERT SOLINSKY
Can do.

A. B. Clow, Executive Director
LEDERLE LABORATORIES DIV.
American Cyanamid Company says:

Speed plus savings
makes sense with Lederle—
that's why we ship
FLYING TIGERS



OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES • GENERAL OFFICES: LOCKHEED AIR TERMINAL, BURBANK 8, CALIFORNIA • CABLE: FLYTIGER

There's a Samson

FOLDING CHAIR

for every
PUBLIC
SEATING
need!

America's Number One Buy—
In Style, Strength, Long Life
and Economy!

Special low prices on quantity
purchases. Ask your Samson dis-
tributor or write us direct!



Shawyer Bros., Inc., Public Seating Div.
Department F-4, Detroit 25, Michigan
Also Stocks of Folding Samson Fold-
over Furniture For The Home And
Smart Samsonite Luggage For Travel.

MANAGEMENT

Standardize, Yet Diversify?

In the face of current high taxes and rising costs, most manufacturers next week begin the new year saddled with a weighty problem: How to find more efficient, less costly production methods that won't sacrifice the product flexibility needed to meet demands of market development and competition.

Probably the most obvious answer lies in the economical special surface treatments that are possible with molded plastic products. From Monsanto this week came confirmation. A report to management on plastics, just published, shows how manufacturers can standardize on product size and shape with plastics, yet gain functional and decorative variety through several colors and a few simple surface treatments.

This report is available to management on request. It explains the advantages of lacquering, printing, metallizing, hot stamping, silk screening, and other decorating techniques for plastics. For your free copy, write: MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Plastics Division, Room 1120, Springfield 2, Massachusetts.



what it needed was new management. literally bought a new president.

In a stock-swap deal, National agreed to buy a smaller rival named Cans, Inc. so that it could get Cans, Inc.'s founder and president, Robert Sam Solinsky, 58. When the deal goes through this week (stockholders' approval seems assured), Solinsky will become president of National, replacing C. L. (for Charles Lewis) Thompson, 65, who stays on as chairman. A bustling go-getter, Solinsky should be right at home in his new job. A onetime executive at giant Continental Can, he was assistant vice president of National in 1939, when he quit to form his own company.

With time out to do a turn with WPH during World War II, Solinsky built his little Cans, Inc. into an \$8,000,000-a-year business making containers for Perk Dog Food (TIME, Sept. 29), popcorn, potato chips and beer. Competitors think the trouble with National Can is that it has been run too long by men who have been sitting on their own product. By exploiting such new markets as canned whole milk, Solinsky hopes to get the company back on its feet, boost it from fourth to third in the industry. Says he: "You don't mind doing repairs on a house that's basically sound."

Other personnel changes:

¶ T.W.A.'s Chairman Warren Lee Pierson, 56, was elected chairman of the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, American industry's chief policymaking body on foreign-trade matters. Long a figure in international trade, Pierson, a Harvard-trained lawyer, is a past president of the International Air Transport Association, served on the Tripartite Commission unscrambling German debts (TIME, Aug. 18), and was president of the Export-Import Bank for ten years. He is a firm believer in "two-way trade, not one-way aid."

¶ To replace George M. Humphrey, the new Treasury Secretary, directors of the M. A. Hanna Co. turned over the chairman's duties to Vice Chairman George H. Love, 52, a Princeton man and a veteran of 26 years in the coal business. Love will stay on as president of the Hanna-controlled Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co., world's biggest bituminous coal company.

RAILROADS

U. P.'s Buildup

The 4,867-mile Union Pacific makes more money than any other U.S. railroad, but spends it freely for improvements. Though only sixth in rail mileage and fifth in revenues, U.P. plowed \$102,300,000 this year into one of the biggest building programs in its 90-year history. Last week President Arthur Stoddard fired up U.P. for another big expansion.

Two years ago, he had ordered ten General Electric gas turbine electric loco-

* Last year U.P. earned \$68.8 million, nearly \$1,700,000 more than the second-place Santa Fe on 11% less gross revenue. (All operations produced \$12.5 million of U.P.'s total.



ARTHUR STODDARD

For Messy Bessie, a clear track.

motives—the first ordered by a U.S. railroad—at a cost of \$5,400,000. Last week, with only six delivered, he ordered another 15 for \$8,600,000. After running his turbine locomotives on U.P.'s mountainous track between Ogden, Utah and Green River, Wyo., Stoddard was convinced that they will revolutionize railroading even more than the coming of the diesels.

For most railroaders, gas turbine engines are still too risky a proposition. But U.P.'s board of directors has faith that Stoddard is on the right track. Nebraska-born, Stoddard joined U.P. as a \$30-a-month station helper 36 years ago, has been with U.P. ever since, except for stints in both wars. A colonel in World War II, he served as adviser to the Iranian National Railway, which helped carry supplies from the Persian Gulf to Russia. In his 34 years as U.P. president, the board has let him run things pretty much his own way.

The U.P.'s turbine locomotive, which some workers call "Messy Bessie," packs more power (4,000 h.p.) into less length than the diesel and burns cheap bunker oil for fuel. General Electric hopes that some day the engine will run on coal. As the biggest producer of coal west of the Mississippi, U.P. could get the full benefits of such a locomotive.

Though gas turbines will ultimately be cheaper to maintain than diesels, they have disadvantages. They burn almost as much fuel while idling as when running full blast, thus are not efficient on short hauls or stop & go passenger trains. But they are ideal for hauling fast freight over U.P.'s mountainous track and can, like a diesel, run 300 to 400 miles without refueling or stopping for water. By using them only on such runs, Stoddard figures that U.P. will save on maintenance, and pile up plenty of know-how against the day when gas turbines are improved enough for general service.

New Issues 1952

Purchased and Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co. Inc. alone or with associates*

Amount of Issue	State & Municipal	Amount of Issue	Corporate	Underwriting Interest
\$15,000,000	BOSTON, MASS. Var. rate Notes, Due 1952-53 (3 issues)	\$20,000,000	AMERICAN GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY 3½% Sinking Fund Debentures due 1977	\$ 4,100,000
4,000,000	BURLINGTON, VT. 2½ Bonds, Due 1957-81	15,000,000	STANTON EDISON COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, Series D, 3½%, Due 1982	5,450,000
9,500,000	CHICAGO BOARD OF EDUCATION, ILL. 2½ Bonds, Due 1955-72	20,000,000	CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, 3½% Series due 1982	5,100,000
8,300,000	CHICAGO PARK DISTRICT, ILL. 3¼% & 3½% Garage Rev. Bonds, Due 1956-82	10,000,000	CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, Series D, 3½%, Due 1982	6,950,000
19,600,000	CINCINNATI, O. 1½% & 1½% Bonds, Due 1953-92	24,000,000	CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY EQUIPMENT TRUSTS OF 1952 2½% & 3¼% Equip Trust Cfs, Due 1952-67 (3 issues)	10,350,000
2,009,000	CLARKSTOWN, N.Y. CENT. SCH. DIST. No. 1 2-40% Bonds, Due 1953-81	64,239,000	CHICAGO AND WESTERN INDIANA RAILROAD COMPANY [†] First Coll Trst Mtge 4½% Sinking Fund Bonds, Series A, Due 1982	3,644,000
2,350,000	CRANSTON, R.I. 1½% Bonds, Due 1953-79	60,000,000	THE COLUMBIA GAS SYSTEM, INC. 3½% Debentures, Series C, Due 1977	10,950,000
3,000,000	DALLAS COUNTY, TEX. 3½% & 2½ Bonds, Due 1955-82	50,000,000	CONSOLIDATED EDISON COMPANY OF NEW YORK, INC. First & Reig Mtge Bonds 3½% Series H, Due March 1, 1982	16,950,000
3,000,000	DANVILLE, VA. 1½% & 190% Bonds, Due 1953-82	8,520,000	GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY EQUIPMENT TRUST OF 1953 2½% Equip Trust Cfs, Due 1953-68	3,270,000
2,800,000	DE KALB COUNTY, GA. 2½% Bonds, Due 1953-70 & 1977-82	25,000,000	ILLINOIS BEL TELEPHONE COMPANY First Mtge 3½% Bonds, Series C, Due 1984	20,250,000
2,500,000	DENVER, COLO., CITY AND COUNTY OF 3½%, 1½% & 1½% Bonds, Due 1953-72	62,000,000	ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY Cons Mtge 10-Yr 3½% Bonds, Series E, Due 1982	4,900,000
2,250,000	DUPAGE CO. COM. H. SCH. DIST. No. 95, ILL. 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-72	9,060,000	ILLINOIS CENTRAL EQUIPMENT TRUSTS, SERIES HH & 35 2½% & 2½% Equip Trust Cfs, Due 1952-67 (2 issues)	5,160,000
2,725,000	EAST LIVERPOOL CITY SCH. DIST., O. 5% Bonds, Due 1953-75	10,000,000	IOWA POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, 3½% Series due 1982	3,450,000
4,750,000	EAST PROVIDENCE, R.I. 2-20% Bonds, Due 1953-82	12,000,000	LOUISVILLE GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, Series due February 1, 1982, 3½%	9,300,000
3,500,000	FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA. 2-40% Bonds, Due 1953-70	10,000,000	NEW BRUNSWICK, PROVINCE OF 4½% 20-Yr Sinking Fund Debentures, Due 1972	1,250,000
3,500,000	FILINT, MICH. Var. rate Water Rev. Bonds, Due 1953-83	20,000,000	NEW JERSEY BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY Thirty Two Year 3½% Debentures, Due 1984	9,200,000
6,700,000	FLINT COUNTY, GA. 2½ Bonds, Due 1953-72	22,545,000	NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD EQUIPMENT TRUSTS OF 1952 3½% & 3¼% Equip Trust Cfs, Due 1953-67 (3 issues)	11,145,000
6,000,000	HAWAII TERRITORY OF 2½ Bonds, Due 1953-72	15,000,000	PEABODY COAL COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, Series B, 4½% Due 1972	7,250,000
2,255,000	HEMPSTEAD, N.Y., U.F. S/D No. 10 2-40% & 2-70% Bonds, Due 1952-81 (2 issues)	15,000,000	POTOMAC ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, 3½% Series due 1987	6,000,000
3,000,000	HEMPSTEAD, N.Y., U.F. S/D No. 27 2-70% Bonds, Due 1953-82	8,170,000	PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF INDIANA, INC. First Mtge Bonds, Series J, 3½%, Due 1982	4,450,000
1,860,000	HINGHAM, MASS. 1-80% Bonds, Due 1953-72	50,000,000	SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY EQUIPMENT TRUST, SERIES HH 2½% Equip Trust Cfs, Due 1953-62	7,520,000
30,000,000	LOS ANGELES CITY SCHOOL DISTRICTS [†] 2½ Bonds, Due 1953-77	10,000,000	UNITED GAS CORPORATION First Mtge & Coll Tr Bonds, 3½% Series due 1972	11,050,000
1,700,000	MARION COUNTY, O. 2½ Bonds, Due 1953-74	10,000,000	UTAH POWER & LIGHT COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, 3½% Series due 1982	3,750,000
3,444,000	MIAMI BEACH, FLA. 2-40% & 2-90% Bonds, Due 1952-71 (2 issues)	20,000,000	VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY First & Ref Mtge Bonds, 3½% due October 1, 1982	3,950,000
2,600,000	MONONGALIA CO. BOARD OF ED., W. VA. 1½% Bonds, Due 1953-72	12,000,000	WEST PENN POWER COMPANY First Mtge Bonds, Series O, 3½%, Due 1982	5,200,000
2,305,000	NASHVILLE, TENN. 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-92 & 1954-83	72,820,000	ADDITIONAL RAILROAD BONDS AND EQUIPMENT TRUST CERTIFICATES—21 ISSUES	40,820,000
18,574,000	NASSAU COUNTY, N.Y. 2½% Bonds, Due 1953-82	61,800,000	ADDITIONAL PUBLIC UTILITY AND INDUSTRIAL BONDS—12 ISSUES	45,440,000
4,500,000	NEW ORLEANS, LA. Var. rate Bonds, Due 1953-91		Descriptive circulars or prospectuses and current quotations will be supplied for any of these securities upon request.	
5,900,000	OKLAHOMA COUNTY, OKLA. [†] 4%, 1½% & 2½ Bonds, Due 1955-77		* To Dec. 31, 1952	
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CINEMA

Post Time

In 1927, when Silent Cinemactress Janet Gaynor won Hollywood's first Academy Award for her acting in *Seventh Heaven*, a gold-plated Oscar statuette was worth about \$150. The value of most gewgaws has risen since then, but Oscars have outstripped them all. Hollywood publicists have long since discovered that these "noncommercial" citations for artistic merit have a specific box-office value: a mere Oscar nomination can add about \$100,000 to a movie's gross. An actual award, if well exploited, may be worth \$500,000.

In this year's sweepstakes, proper timing is essential. Many Oscar contenders released earlier this year (e.g., *Ivanhoe*, *Snows of Kilimanjaro*, *Carrie*) are commonly regarded as already too old to get an Academy nod. This strange tradition of fast-fading eligibility has produced an equally strange custom: year-end "pre-release" of most of the brightest Oscar hopefuls.

Under Academy rules, feature movies eligible for 1952 Oscars must be exhibited for no less than a week, their runs to start no later than midnight on New Year's Eve. In February, Academy members, along with members of various guilds, will hold a "primary election," pick five nominees each for best picture, best acting, best direction, etc. A final, secret balloting will set the stage for the searchlights and ceremonious hullabaloo in March.

This week, on the eve of Oscar post time, the moviemakers were busily grooming their hottest entries and preparing to trot them out. Along Beverly Hills' Wilshire Boulevard and in several art theaters in the year's last week, marquee will blaze with a flurry of top-rated (by

their makers) new titles. The leading entries:

❑ *The Bad and the Beautiful* (M-G-M), a story about a Hollywood producer, with Candidates Kirk Douglas and Lana Turner.

❑ *My Cousin Rachel* (20th Century-Fox), co-starring Newcomer Richard Burton and Olivia de Havilland, who is hopeful of a third best-actress Oscar (previous awards: 1946, 1949). The studio's dark horse: *Stars and Stripes Forever*, with Clifton Webb playing the late John Philip Sousa (see below).

❑ *Come Back, Little Sheba* (Hal Wallis; Paramount), a film version of the 1950 Broadway hit play (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950) about a reformed drunk and his slutish wife, starring Shirley Booth, who appears to be a cinch for a best-actress nomination (see below).

❑ *The Member of the Wedding* (Stanley Kramer; Columbia), the story of an unhappy twelve-year-old girl and her sympathetic Mammy, with Julie Harris and Ethel Waters (both top-actress hopefuls) in their original Broadway parts (see below). Director Fred Zinnemann, himself a good Oscar prospect, might lose out, paradoxically, if the vote for him is split between *Member* and his *High Noon*, whose star, Gary Cooper, is in the running for his second Oscar (his first: in 1941, for *Sergeant York*).

❑ *The Jazz Singer* (Warner), a remake, starring Nightclub Comic Danny Thomas, of the first (1927) sound picture, which starred Al Jolson.

❑ *Hans Christian Andersen*, Sam Goldwyn's bid for every Oscar in the Academy's trophy case.

❑ *The Star* (Bert Friedlob; 20th Century-Fox), with Bette Davis* suffering

* For other news of Actress Davis, see THEATER.

heavy emotional weather as a fading movie actress (Bette won Oscars in 1935 for *Dangerous* and in 1938 for *Jezabel*).

❑ *Moulin Rouge* (John Huston; United Artists), a biography of dwarfish Painter Toulouse-Lautrec, starring José Ferrer, wearing shoes on his knees, in his bid for a second award (his first: *Cyrano de Bergerac*).

The New Pictures

The Member of the Wedding (Stanley Kramer; Columbia) is a twelve-year-old girl named Frankie, poised between childhood and adolescence in an "empty, ugly house" somewhere in the Deep South. Here she lives out her dreams with two other lonely people: her solemn, bespectacled, six-year-old cousin and playmate, John Henry (Brandon de Wilde), and Berenice, the Negro cook (Ethel Waters). In her desire to "belong," the motherless Frankie romantically identifies herself with her about-to-be-married brother and his bride, and plans to accompany them on their honeymoon.

When she is rejected as a "member of the wedding," the grief-stricken girl runs away, returning home after a night of terror on a honky-tonk street. The fade-out finds her "a member of the whole world." Her summer illusions have been replaced by an interest in a real world that includes both boys and the music of Rachmaninoff.

Carson McCullers' 1946 short novel and her prizewinning 1950 stage adaptation were fresh, fine-strung variations on a theme: the ache and elation of pre-adolescence. The movie is also based on mood rather than dramatic incident. At times the down-to-earth movie camera is at odds with this fragile, poetic mood piece. At other times the film seems to be more play than picture: it comes most vibrantly alive when it forsakes the one-stage original and, untrammelled by high-flown talk, roves through the neighborhood, e.g., Frankie's journey through blaring, glaring honky-tonk town. But the total effect is nonetheless a film poem. In Fred (High Noon) Zinnemann's direction, it often reaches successfully for that most elusive of movie qualities—the catch in the throat.

The three leading players all repeat their stage roles. Making her movie debut, elfin-faced Julie Harris (who won a New York Drama Critics Circle award for her stage portrayal of Frankie) gives a breathless performance: now she is Frankie in a boyish crew cut, gawky and all elbows ("You have the sharpest set of human bones I ever felt," says Berenice); then she is the romantic Miss F. Jasmine Adams, frail-handed and full of a dreamy grace and pensive beauty. At one moment she throws a knife at Berenice, in the next cuddles up in her lap. But for all her lightning acting range, the ruthless, close-up camera sometimes reveals the fact that this is a 26-year-old actress play-acting at being a twelve-year-old girl. As the big, motherly Berenice, Ethel Waters gives a richly compassionate performance that is the most full-bodied in



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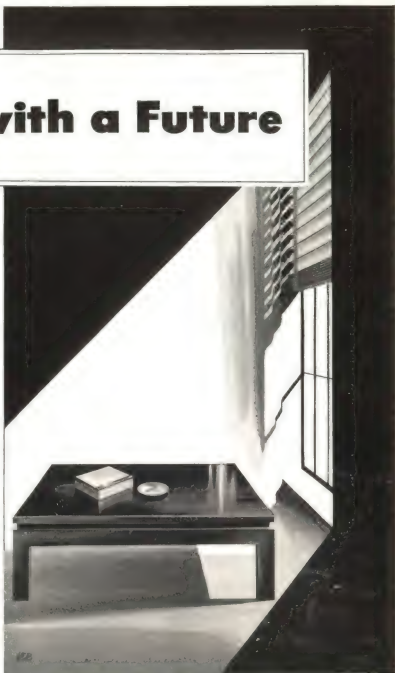
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BURT LANCASTER & SHIRLEY BOOTH
For a happy past, a private symbol.

the film. Most effective shot: Ethel Waters rocking the two lonely children to her bosom while singing the hymn *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*.

Come Back, Little Sheba (Hol Wallis; Paramount) is a minor but moving tragedy on a major theme: the lives of quiet desperation that men lead. Its central characters are two mismatched people: Doc (Burt Lancaster), who was once a promising medical student, and "pretty Lola" (Shirley Booth), who once had lots of beaux. Then Doc got Lola into trouble and had to marry her; their baby died. Now, after 20 years which seems to have vanished into thin air, Doc is a chiropractor and a reformed drunk, while Lola is "old, fat and sloppy," with nothing on her mind but dreams of a lost puppy, Little Sheba, which is her own private symbol of the happy past. When their student boarder (Terry Moore) appears to have turned slut as Lola once did, Doc goes off on an alcoholic bender. By the time he returns from his drunk cure, a beaten, humbled man, Lola is facing the fact that Little Sheba has gone for good.

Like William Inge's 1950 play, which Daniel Mann (who also directed the stage version) has carefully and faithfully transferred to the screen, the picture skirts the chaotic core of its subject, substituting pity for penetration, sympathy for real insight. The film also blunts some of the drama's edges (e.g., the seduction of the college student) because of the requirements of screen censorship. But the movie remains a generally honest and affecting examination of a marriage dying piecemeal from a sort of emotional anemia. The picture is at its best when it owes least to the stage play—in James Wong Howe's evocatively drab photography, and in such scenes of slack and silence as when Lola stands entranced at the kitchen door watching Terry and her athlete boy friend

(Richard Jaeckel) neck in the parlor.

Forsaking his usual swashbuckling roles, Burt Lancaster plays the sleepwalking Doc with great earnestness, but his performance frequently makes the character seem wooden rather than frustrated. It is in Shirley Booth's characterization that the movie really catches fire. Making her screen debut at 45, after some twoscore years of success on stage and radio (she was the original Miss Duffy of *Duffy's Tavern*), auburn-haired Actress Booth, shiftlessly waddling around and prattling away endlessly in a singsong voice, does a highly skillful job of bringing the glibby, good-natured, slatternly Lola to life. For her stage portrayal of Lola, Shirley Booth won five awards (New York Drama Critics Circle, Newspaper Guild, Donaldson, Barter, Antoinette Perry). Her screen characterization may yet win her a sixth: an Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Oscar, for which she is already being enthusiastically boomed.

Stars and Stripes Forever (20th Century-Fox) is a brassy movie based on the life of the late bandmaster and march king, John Philip Sousa. Inspired by Sousa's autobiography, *Marching Along*, the picture is a sketchy cinemascopic rather than a fully orchestrated biography. Between booming Sousa marches, the movie depicts Sousa as a frustrated ballad writer who conducted the U.S. Marine Corps band (which he led under five Presidents—from Rutherford Hayes to Benjamin Harrison). In 1892 he formed his own band, which successfully toured the world. For musical variety, there are snatches from some of Sousa's light operas. And for romance, there is a fictional—and fairly flat—subplot involving a young marine in Sousa's band (Robert Wagner) and a burlesque beauty (Debra Paget).

Decked out in beard and spectacles, Clifton Webb plays Sousa as a wry, rather

pixyish personality. But the role gives ex-Dancer Webb an opportunity to do the two-step, which was introduced in 1890 to the strains of Sousa's *Washington Post* march. *Stars and Stripes Forever* hits a few sour notes in its long-winded dialogue stretches, but when it strikes up the band and plays the stuffing out of such rousing Sousa marches as *Semper Fidelis* and the title tune, it is a spirited show.

No Time for Flowers (Mort Briskin; RKO Radio) is an addleheaded little romp that pits the party line against the romantic line in Behind-the-Iron-Curtain Czechoslovakia. Viveca Lindfors is an unglamorous Prague secretary who stomps about dressed in what appears to be an old bur-lap bag, and whose clod of a boy friend woos her with gifts of herring. But soon a handsome comrade (Paul Christian), just returned from attaché duty in the United States, shows up and starts to shower her with such capitalistic blessings as nylons, lipstick and champagne. He also offers her a bubble bath and a low-cut evening gown from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Naturally, these treasonous baubles turn Viveca's head. By the fade-out, the attaché and the by-now-thoroughly-glamorous Viveca have escaped from Czechoslovakia to the U.S. zone in Austria, outwitting a political-police chief who is addicted to such pronouncements as "Love is purely a private enterprise. The state must come first." Of some interest in the proceedings are the authentic-looking backgrounds, filmed entirely in Austria.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's warring world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 8).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Ballerina Jeanmaire (TIME, Dec. 1).

Breaking the Sound Barrier. A soaring British film picturing the stresses & strains, mechanical as well as human, of supersonic flight; with Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd (TIME, Nov. 10).

The Promoter. A sprightly, British-made spoof, with Alec Guinness playing a droll fellow who gets ahead in the world through sheer brass (TIME, Oct. 27).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. A top-notch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperadoes single-handed (TIME, July 14).

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BOOKS

Misanthrope from Japan

RASHOMON (119 pp.)—Ryunosuke Akutagawa—Liveright (\$2.50).

For a satirist, bile is almost as necessary as ink. Some, like Dean Swift, swim in it; others, like John Marquand, barely wet their prose in it; a few end by drowning in it. Japan's Ryunosuke Akutagawa was one of the hapless few: in 1927, sunk in pessimism and possibly near madness, he took an overdose of veronal and died. He was only 35, but the more than 100 short stories he wrote have since established him as Japan's most corrosive modern satirist.

Last year, U.S. filmgoers made his acquaintance in the sardonic and powerful Japanese movie, *Rashomon*. Filmed with stylized elegance and thrumming with barbaric force, *Rashomon* nonetheless softened Akutagawa's savage original, *In a Grove*, with a benign ending. Readers with hardy digestions can now compare the two and sample five other Akutagawa short stories of lesser scope, all of which combine a bitter misanthropy with a craft that is as spare and durable as bamboo.

Heap of Lies. *In a Grove* takes the form of testimony before a police commissioner. The body of a samurai, presumably murdered, has been found in a forest glade. In turn, a bandit, the samurai's wife, lesser witnesses, and the dead samurai himself (through a medium) tell what they know about it. Up to a point, the stories almost fit. The bandit has stalked the samurai and his wife through the forest, decoyed him with a promise of hurried loot, trussed him up and raped his wife before his eyes. But when it comes to the samurai's death, each tells a different version. The bandit insists that the



BURGOYNE SURRENDERING TO GATES
Washington was outmaneuvered.

wife egged him into killing her husband by promising herself to the victor. The wife insists that she killed her husband to spare him the shame of her dishonor, and tried to kill herself but lost her nerve. The samurai's story is that his wife begged the bandit to kill him and that the bandit, shocked by such faithlessness, ran away, while the samurai, heartbroken, committed suicide. The film introduced a "true" version told by a passing woodcutter, but Akutagawa lets the reader be both judge and jury.

In his kindest tale, *Yam Grael*, Akutagawa turns philosopher. A middle-aged samurai lives only for his annual sip of yam gruel, his favorite delicacy. When he finally gets a chance to gorge himself, the mere idea satiates him. ("A man sometimes devotes his life to a desire which he is not sure will ever be fulfilled. Those who laugh at this folly are, after all, no more than mere spectators of life.")

Cool as Fuji. In another, more typical Akutagawa story, an unemployed servant is horrified to find an old hag yanking the hair from a dead fishwife to make a wig. "If she knew I had to do this in order to live, she probably wouldn't care," the hag explains. "Are you sure?" asks the servant mockingly. "Then it's right if I rob you. I'd starve if I didn't." And he strips off her clothes and kicks her roughly down among the decaying corpses.

As the light of mercy never shines on Akutagawa's parade of adulterers, murderers and bigots, he sometimes seems as cool and distant to human frailty as the grey shale that lines the heights of Fuji-yama. But the sources of his own nihilism are made poignantly clear in a poem he penned a few months before his suicide:

*Among bamboos and flowering daisies,
Buddha's long been fast asleep.*

*And with the withered wayside fig,
Christ is also dead, it seems.*



Courtesy Meisei Shimbun

SATIRIST AKUTAGAWA
Buddha was fast asleep.

Battles for Freedom

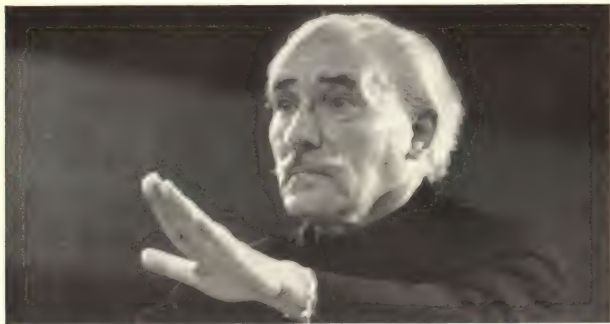
THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION (2 Vols., 989 pp.)—Christopher Ward—Macmillan (\$15).

In the 19th century the best U.S. history was written by gifted amateurs; in the 20th century the professors took over, made history more scientific—and usually less interesting. Christopher Ward, a Delaware lawyer who died in 1943, was one of the last of the amateurs who, like Douglas Southall Freeman, have poked about in the national past for sheer love of it. Ward spent the last years of his life on a military history of the American Revolution, and the result, now published, is a monumental affair, packed with battle detail as vivid as either scholar or layman could want.

The War of the Revolution should have been cut by at least 200 pages; at times, Author Ward seems intent on recording every musket shot between 1775 and 1782, and when he gets lost in minor southern skirmishes, it does not always seem certain that he will ever find his way to Yorktown. But the book is saved by Ward's gift for narrative and by his lucidity in presenting military problems. His perspective is not as broad as Freeman's in *George Washington*, but he is a better writer.

Pageant & Comedy. Ward shines in historical set-pieces: the pageantry of Burgoyne surrendering to Gates, the high comedy of the Hessians caught drunk and disheveled the day after Christmas in Trenton, the heroism of Benedict Arnold's almost successful march on Quebec. Ward tells what the soldiers ate, how discipline was enforced, which side did the better scouting. Most of the time, he concludes, the British outgeneraled and outfought the Americans.

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ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary

Ward frequently sees eye to eye with Freeman. While admiring Washington's stature and bravery, he indicts him for amateurish strategy throughout most of the war. British Commander Howe "out-manuevered Washington repeatedly and won battle after battle"; with more boldness, he might have won the war. Only two American generals win Ward's unqualified approval as battle leaders: Benedict Arnold, who led troops with "headlong energy . . . intrepidity and dash," and Nathaniel Greene, who showed himself a master of guerrilla tactics in the southern campaign after Horatio Gates proved a fiasco.

Marches for What? Though he writes with a calm reserve, Author Ward manages to get in some sharp verdicts. He doubts that the "Conway Cabal" against Washington existed at all, he sharply criticizes both sides for cruelty in the Indian campaigns, and he declares the aborted Canadian campaign which Lafayette was supposed to lead in 1778 "one of the maddest of all mad projects."

The War of the Revolution is a solid chunk of scholarship, likely to endure as a classical work on its subject. What keeps it from being a great book is Author Ward's self-imposed narrowness of perspective. Had he occasionally fitted the military events into the larger political story, and shown the dependence of battles in Virginia on diplomacy in Paris, his book would have been greatly improved. And he could thereby have suggested that all the marches and musketry added up to the one revolution in modern history which ended not in tyranny but freedom.

A Good Man's Hard to Find

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS (343 pp.)—*Alba de Céspedes*—Macmillan (\$3.75).

The theme of this novel seems to be that a good man is hard to find.

As an adolescent growing up in Rome, Alessandra Cortegiani wonders how her parents ever happened to marry. Her father is a boor who unfailingly pours the sour wine of shop talk at the evening meal. Her mother is an amateur pianist with an outlook on life as romantic and melancholy as a Chopin nocturne. When Sandra's mother falls in love with an effete aristocrat, Papa Cortegiani crushes her with a phrase or two, e.g., "All women are . . . sluts," and she drowns herself in the Tiber.

When it comes Sandra's turn to marry, she vows to do better: she picks a young university professor. To Sandra, Francesco is her mother's daydream come true: kind, imaginative, companionable and loving. She is sure that he will make the best of husbands.

In the eyes of the world, he does. But Sandra starts tasting the lees of her marriage.

* Major General Thomas Conway, second in command of Lafayette's projected expedition against Canada, along with other prominent men, supposedly plotted the removal of Washington and the succession of Gates as commander in chief of the Army.



NOVELIST DE CÉSPÉDES

After sour wine, a cigarette.

riage almost before she sips its joys. The wedding night, which she has pictured as a ritual of tenderness, is reduced to a matter of crass urgency. "Afterward he didn't give me a loving look, call me his darling and his queen . . . He reached for the cigarettes." After she stretches his small monthly paycheck to the limit, he carps querulously: "Is it all gone so soon?"

Francesco never notices her, forgets their anniversaries, buries himself in his work. Time & again she tries to talk to him about the way they are drifting apart, but he shrugs it off with "Marriage is one of the oldest institutions." One early dawn, with patience and reason both gone, Sandra calls out, "Francesco! Hello me, Francesco!" He grunts drowsily, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow." But for Francesco, tomorrow never comes. Sandra empties a loaded revolver into his back.

Italian-born Alba de Céspedes, whose Cuban grandfather was the first President and liberator of Cuba, has a sharp eye for the kind of gritty marital incidents that set a man & wife's teeth on edge. In piling most of the evidence and all of the sympathy on her heroine's side, she writes like a shrewd attorney for the plaintiff, but reads, finally, like a somewhat shallow judge of human relations.

Wilder than the West?

WILD COLONIAL BOYS (657 pp.)—Frank Clune—Anglobooks (\$5).

"I say once more, leave them horses," said the [outlaw], "or I'll blow your brains out, you b----- wretches!"

Bang! Bang! barked the police revolvers.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! from the [outlaws] . . .

Every U.S. boy used to be raised on such firewater, with Indians thrown in to



¡ Año Nuevo ... Vida Nueva !

"A New Year...A New Life!" This Spanish New Year's saying now has a double meaning for many Latin Americans —150,000 copies of the first issue of LIFE EN ESPAÑOL are on the way to them.

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boot. Any who feel like a fresh snort from the old jug could do worse than sample this Australian distillation. *Wild Colonial Boys* is written in standard Wild West prose; it begins banging almost from the start, and is still banging after more than 600 pages of close print. The blurb on the jacket says it "should be read by every Australian, for it casts a new light on our national heritage." For once, the b----- (for bloody) blurb is right.

What was all the banging about? As Frank Clune sees it, the old British system of sentencing petty criminals to hard labor in the colonies started a chain reaction that went on exploding for more than a century:

The jury says, "He's guilty, sir!"

And says the judge, says he—

"For life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you Across the stormy sea.

And take my tip, before you ship

To join the iron gang,

Don't be too gay at Botany Bay,

Or else you'll surely hang . . ."

But by and by I'll break my chains;

Into the bush I'll go;

And join the brave bushrangers there—

Jack Donahoo and Co.

By 1840, when the last convict ship reached New South Wales, the colony had received 83,200 prisoners. Each convict had to work out his stretch at something close to slave labor, either on a private farm or on state works. Brutality drove many to escape and outlawry, so the old petty larcenist became the new bushranger—a combination of rustler and highwayman. In the public mind, he also lost his criminal record and became one who "robbed the rich and helped the poor, and never harmed a lady."

It was, as always in such stories, the agent of law & order, the unhappy cop or bumbling sheriff, who bit the most dust. Governor after governor struggled to bring the vast new territory into a lawful state; each arrived with a new broom under his arm and left trailing it behind him. Australia's yellow press and its best and gayest ballads flourished in the sort of soil that gave Jesse James to the U.S.:

At gentle speed, on snow-white steed,

And singing a joyous song,

To the beckoning light in the shadowy night

The Bushranger rides along . . .

Up started then Sir Fred and his men

With cocked carbines in hand,

And called aloud to the 'Ranger proud,

On pain of death, to "stand."

But the 'Ranger proud, he laughed

aloud,

And bounding rode away,

While Sir Frederick Pott shut his eyes

for a shot,

And missed—in his usual way.

Author Clune gives 1880 as the date at which the authorities finally rid the territory of the bushranger. By then, Aussie folklore was solidly built around



THE DEATH OF BEN HALL
The b----- blurb is right.

such romantic idols as Ned Kelly (it cost £110,000 to capture him and his gang): Ben Hall (the bullet holes in his body reappeared, it was said, as birthmarks on his bastard son); Frank Gardiner, whom a sympathetic jury stubbornly refused to hang and who ended his days as a relatively peaceful San Francisco saloonkeeper.

Author Clune doesn't exactly extol these bandits, but there is a glow of something like patriotic pride in his prose when he sums up: "Within the limits of their equipment and opportunity . . . there is one claim which can be made for the Australian bushrangers, without fear of contradiction on the facts, Australia's Wild West period was as wild as, if not wilder than, the corresponding frontier phase in the United States of America."

RECENT & READABLE

Michelangelo, by Giovanni Papini. A new biography of the great Florentine; vigorous, often argumentative, almost always absorbing (TIME, Dec. 22).

The Complete Poems and Plays, by T. S. Eliot. The 61 poems and three verse plays that have earned their author the right to be known as the most influential poet of his day (TIME, Dec. 22).

The Lost Resorts, by Cleveland Amory. An agreeably lighthearted historian applies a social stethoscope to Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Palm Beach and other aging resorts of the rich (TIME, Nov. 17).

The Devil Rides Outside, by John H. Griffin. The turmoil of a young American torn between world and monastery; a first novel marked by crude energy and unashamed religious fervor (TIME, Nov. 3).

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero; the first volume of a trilogy (TIME, Oct. 27).

The Old Man and the Sea. A masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman (TIME, Sept. 8).

MISCELLANY

A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions of the human spirit during 1952.

JANUARY—Inside Man. On the central front, Korea, a captured Chinese soldier who wore several layers of underwear, two quilted uniforms, a double-breasted overcoat, new boots and winter cap, explained: "I'm a supply sergeant."

FEBRUARY—News. In Rio de Janeiro, after a snake bit him, Francisco Feliciano chased and caught the viper, bit it to death.

MARCH—Psychology Student. In Tulsa, Motorist Walter Mims explained to police why he had hit a woman driver: "She signaled she was going to turn right, and then she turned right."

APRIL—Extraction. In Chicago, Louise Springer confessed that she went for treatment to six dentists and, while they bent over her with the drill, picked their pockets for a total take of \$2,000.

MAY—Art. In Karlsruhe, Germany, the Triumph brasserie firm invoked a law against plagiarizing works of art to sue a competitor for copying its patterns, lost its case when the judge ruled that "that which goes into a brasserie is a work of art, but not the brasserie itself."

JUNE—The Bite. In Hof, Germany, Brewery Worker Karl Wunderlich, 24, was convicted of breaking into a delicatessen after police fitted his teeth to marks left in the end of a 2-lb. salami.

JULY—The Question. In St. Joseph, Mo., the Rev. Adiel J. Moncrief lost his gold pocket watch while visiting with the congregation after preaching a sermon entitled: "What Time Is It?"

AUGUST—Seniority. In Covington, Ky., James Riggs, 95, told police who arrived to help his 65-year-old son take him home from a tavern: "I'll go home with you guys, but no runny-nosed kid is going to tell me what to do."

SEPTEMBER—Typo. In Philadelphia, when *Inquirer* columnist Frank Brookhouser reported that Hubert B. Wolfeschlegelsteinhabergerdorff had registered to vote in the November elections, Hubert wrote in to say that his name was Wolfeschlegelsteinhabergerdorff.

OCTOBER—Fluid Capital. In Memphis, Goldsmith's Department Store accepted a check drawn on the "East Bank of the Mississippi."

NOVEMBER—Dark Victory. In Detroit, high school football player Alex Jones knocked himself out crashing head first into a steel post, later groggily explained: "I run faster with my eyes shut."

DECEMBER—Snug Harbor. In Mt. Clemens, Mich., when police asked Melvin Reno why he was driving his car on the sidewalk, he muttered: "I'm too drunk to be on the street."

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